

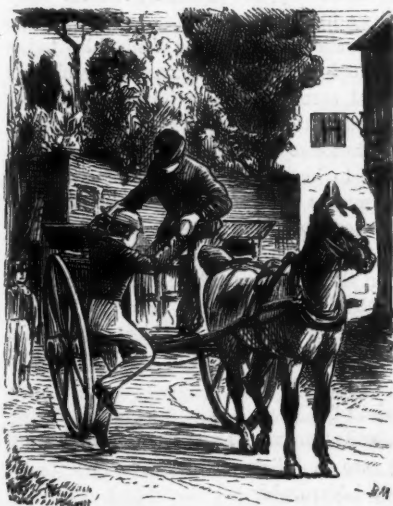
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The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

CHAPTER V.

I MAKE A DEAR FRIEND.



ERIoT was the name of the head-boy of the school. Boddy was the name of one of the ushers. They were both in love with Julia Rippenger. It was my fortune to outrun them in her favour for a considerable period, during which time, though I had ceased to live in state, and was wearing out my suits of velvet, and had neither visit nor letter from my father, I was in tolerable bliss. Julia's kisses were showered on me for almost anything I said or did, but her admiration of heroism and daring was so fervent that I was in no greater

danger of becoming effeminate than Achilles when he wore girl's clothes. She was seventeen, an age bewitching for boys to look up to and men to look down on. The puzzle of the school was how to account for her close relationship to old Rippenger. Such an apple on such a crab-tree seemed monstrous. Heriot said that he hoped Boddy would

marry old Rippenger's real daughter, and, said he, that's birch-twigs. I related his sparkling speech to Julia, who laughed, accusing him, however, of impudence. She let me see a portrait of her dead mother, an Irish lady raising dark eyelashes, whom she resembled. I talked of the portrait to Heriot, and as I had privileges accorded to none of the other boys and could go to her at any hour of the day after lessons, he made me beg for him to have a sight of it. She considered awhile, but refused. On hearing of the unkind refusal, Heriot stuck his hands into his pockets and gave up cricketing. We saw him leaning against a wall in full view of her window, while the boys crowded round him trying to get him to practise a school-match of an important character coming off with a rival academy; and it was only through fear of our school being beaten if she did not relent that Julia handed me the portrait, charging me solemnly to bring it back. I promised, of course. Heriot went into his favourite corner of the playground, and there looked at it and kissed it, and then buttoned his jacket over it tight, growling when I asked him to return it. Julia grew frightened. She sent me with numbers of petitions to him.

"Look here, young 'un," said Heriot; "you're a good little fellow, and I like you, but just tell her I believe in nothing but handwriting, and if she writes to me for it humbly and nicely, she shall have it back. Say I only want to get a copy taken by a first-rate painter."

Julia shed tears at his cruelty, called him cruel, wicked, false to his word. She wrote, but the letter did not please him, and his reply was scornful. At prayers morning and evening, it was pitiful to observe her glance of entreaty and her downfallen eyelashes. I guessed that in Heriot's letters to her he wanted to make her confess something, which she would not do. "Now I write to him no more; let him know it, my darling," she said, and the consequence of Heriot's ungrateful obstinacy was that we all beheld her, at the ceremony of the consecration of the new church, place her hand on Mr. Boddy's arm and allow him to lead her about. Heriot kept his eyes on them; his mouth was sharp, and his arms stiff by his sides. I was the bearer of a long letter to her that evening. She tore it to pieces without reading it. Next day Heriot walked slowly past Mr. Boddy holding the portrait in his hands. The usher called to him:—

"What have you there, Heriot?"

My hero stared. "Only a family portrait," he answered, thrusting it safe in his pocket and fixing his gaze on Julia's window.

"Permit me to look at it," said Mr. Boddy.

"Permit me to decline to let you," said Heriot.

"Look at me, sir," cried Boddy.

"I prefer to look elsewhere, sir," replied Heriot, and there was Julia visible at her window.

"I asked you, sir, civilly," quoth Boddy, "for permission to look,—I used the word intentionally; I say I asked you for permission . . ."

"No, you didn't," Heriot retorted, quite cool; "inferentially you did; but you did not use the word permission."

"And you turned upon me impudently," pursued Boddy, whose colour was thunder: "you quibbled, sir; you prevaricated; you concealed what you were carrying . . ."

"Am carrying," Heriot corrected his tense; "and mean to, in spite of every Boddy," he murmured audibly.

"Like a rascal detected in an act of felony," roared Boddy, "you concealed it, sir . . ."

"Conceal it, sir."

"And I demand, in obedience to my duty, that you instantly exhibit it for my inspection, now, here, at once; no parleying; unbutton, or I call Mr. Rippenger to compel you."

I was standing close by my brave Heriot, rather trembling, studious of his manfulness though I was. His left foot was firmly in advance, as he said, just in the manner to start an usher furious:—

"I concealed it, I conceal it; I was carrying it, I carry it: you demand *that* I exhibit for your inspection what I mean no Boddy to see? I have to assure you respectfully, sir, that family portraits are sacred things with the sons of gentlemen. Here, Richie, off!"

I found the portrait in my hand, and Heriot between me and the usher, in the attitude of a fellow keeping another out of his home at prisoner's-base. He had spied Mr. Rippenger's head at the playground gate. I had just time to see Heriot and the usher in collision before I ran through the gate and into Julia's arms in her garden, whither the dreadful prospect of an approaching catastrophe had attracted her.

Heriot was merely reported guilty of insolence. He took his five hundred lines of Virgil with his usual sarcastic dignity; all he said to Mr. Rippenger was, "Let it be about Dido, sir," which set several of the boys upon Dido's history, but Heriot was condemned to the battles with Turnus. My share in this event secured Heriot's friendship to me without costing me the slightest inconvenience. "Papa would never punish you," Julia said; and I felt my rank. Nor was it wonderful I should when Mr. Rippenger was constantly speaking of my father's magnificence in my presence before company. Allowed to draw on him largely for pocket-money, I maintained my father's princely reputation in the school. At times, especially when the holidays arrived and I was left alone with Julia, I had fits of mournfulness, and almost thought the boys happier than I was. Going home began to seem an unattainable thing to me. Having a father, too, a regular father, instead of a dazzling angel that appeared at intervals, I considered a benefaction, in its way, some recompence to the boys for their not possessing one like mine. My anxiety was relieved by my writing letters to my father, addressed to the care of Miss Julia Rippenger, and posting them in her work-basket. She favoured me with very funny replies, signed, "Your own ever-loving Papa," about his being engaged killing Bengal tigers and capturing white elephants, a

noble occupation that gave me exciting and consolatory dreams of him. We had at last a real letter of his, dated from a foreign city; but he mentioned nothing of coming to me. I understood that Mr. Rippenger was disappointed with it. Gradually a kind of cloud stole over me. I no longer liked to ask for pocket-money; I was clad in a suit of plain cloth; I was banished from the parlour, and only on Sunday was I permitted to go to Julia. I ceased to live in myself. Through the whole course of lessons, at play-time, in my bed, and round to morning bell, I was hunting my father in an unknown country, generally with the sun setting before me: I ran out of a wood almost into a brook to see it sink as if I had again lost sight of him, and then a sense of darkness brought me back to my natural consciousness, without afflicting me much, but astonishing me. Why was I away from him? I could repeat my lessons in the midst of these dreams quite fairly; it was the awakening among the circle of the boys that made me falter during a recital and ask myself why I was there and he absent? They had given over speculating on another holiday and treat from my father; yet he had produced such an impression in the school that even when I had descended to the level of a total equality with them, they continued to have some consideration for me. I was able to talk of foreign cities and could tell stories, and I was, besides, under the immediate protection of Heriot. But now the shadow of a great calamity fell on me, for my dear Heriot announced his intention of leaving the school next half.

"I can't stand being prayed at, morning and evening, by a fellow who hasn't the pluck to strike me like a man," he said. Mr. Rippenger had the habit of signaling offenders, in his public prayers, as boys whose hearts he wished to be turned from callousness. He perpetually suspected plots; and to hear him allude to some deep, long-hatched school conspiracy while we knelt motionless on the forms, and fetch a big breath to bring out, "May the heart of Walter Heriot be turned and he comprehend the multitudinous blessings," &c., was intensely distressing. Together with Walter Heriot, Andrew Saddlebank, our best bowler, the drollest fellow in the world, John Salter, and little Gus Temple, were oftenest cited. They declared that they invariably uttered "Amen," as Heriot did, but we none of us heard this defiant murmur of assent from their lips. Heriot pronounced it clearly and cheerfully, causing Julia's figure to shrink as she knelt with her face in the chair hard by her father's desk-pulpit. I received the hearty congratulations of my comrades for singing out "Amen" louder than Heriot, like a chorister, though not in so prolonged a note, on hearing to my stupefaction Mr. Rippenger implore that the heart of "him we know as Richmond Roy" might be turned. I did it spontaneously. Mr. Rippenger gazed at me in descending from his desk; Julia, too, looking grieved. For my part, I exulted in having done a thing that gave me a likeness to Heriot.

"Little Richmond, you're a little hero," he said, caressing me. "I saw old Rippenger whisper to that beast Boddy. Never mind; they won't

hurt you as long as I'm here. Grow tough, that's what you've got to do. I'd like to see you horsed, only to see whether you're game to take it without wincing—if it didn't hurt you much, little lad."

He hugged me up to him.

"I'd take anything for you, Heriot," said I.

"All right," he answered, never meaning me to suffer on his account. He had an inimitable manner of sweet speaking that endeared him to younger boys capable of appreciating it, with the supernatural power of music. It endeared him, I suppose, to young women also. Julia repeated his phrases, as for instance, "Silly boy, silly boy," spoken with a wave of his hand, when a little fellow thanked him for a kindness. She was angry at his approval of what she called my defiance of her father, and insisted that I was the catspaw of one of Heriot's plots to vex him.

"Tell Heriot you have my command to say you belong to me and must not be misled," she said. His answer was that he wanted it in writing. She requested him to deliver up her previous letters. Thereupon he charged me with a lengthy epistle, which plunged us into boiling water. Mr. Boddy sat in the schoolroom while Heriot's pen was at work, on the wet Sunday afternoon. His keen little eyes were busy in his flat bird's head all the time Heriot continued writing. He saw no more than that Heriot gave me a book; but as I was marching away to Julia he called to know where I was going.

"To Miss Rippenger," I replied.

"What have you there?"

"A book, sir."

"Show me the book."

I stood fast.

"It's a book I have lent him, sir," said Heriot, rising.

"I shall see if it's a fit book for a young boy," said Boddy; and before Heriot could interpose, he had knocked the book on the floor, and out fell the letter. Both sprang down to seize it: their heads encountered, but Heriot had the quicker hand; he caught the letter, and cried "Off!" to me, as on another occasion. This time, however, he was not between me and the usher. I was seized by the collar, and shaken roughly.

"You will now understand that you are on a footing with the rest of the boys, you Roy," said Boddy. "Little scoundrelly spoilt urchins, upsetting the discipline of the school, won't do here. Heriot, here is your book. I regret," he added, sneering, "that a leaf is torn."

"I regret, sir, that the poor boy was so savagely handled," said Heriot.

He was warned to avoid insolence.

"Oh, as much Virgil as you like," Heriot retorted; "I know him by heart."

It was past the hour of my customary visit to Julia, and she came to discover the reason of my delay. Boddy stood up to explain. Heriot went forward, saying, "I think I'm the one who ought to speak, Miss

Rippenger. The fact is, I hear from little Roy that you are fond of tales of Indian adventure, and I gave him a book for you to read, if you like it. Mr. Boddy objected, and treated the youngster rather rigorously. It must have been quite a misunderstanding on his part. Here is the book: it's extremely amusing."

Julia blushed very red. She accepted the book with a soft murmur, and the sallow usher had not a word.

"Stay," said Heriot. "I took the liberty to write some notes. My father is an Indian officer, you know, and some of the terms in the book are difficult without notes. Richie, hand that paper. Here they are, Miss Rippenger, if you'll be so kind as to place them in the book."

I was hoping with all my might that she would not deny him. She did, and my heart sank.

"Oh, I can read it without notes," she said, cheerfully.

After that, I listened with indifference to her petition to Boddy that I might be allowed to accompany her, and was not at all chagrined by his refusal. She laid down the book, saying that I could bring it to her when I was out of disgrace.

In the evening we walked in the playground, where Heriot asked me to do a brave thing, which he would never forget. This was that I should take a sharp run right past Boddy, who was pacing up and down before the gate leading into Julia's garden, and force her to receive the letter. I went bounding like a ball. The usher, suspecting only that I hurried to speak to him, let me see how indignant he was with my behaviour by striding all the faster as I drew near, and so he passed the gate, and I rushed in. I had just time to say to Julia, "Hide it, or I'm in such a scrape."

The next minute she was addressing my enemy: "Surely you would not punish him because he loves me?" and he, though he spoke of insubordination, merited chastisement, and other usher phrases, seemed to melt, and I had what I believe was a primary conception of the power of woman. She led him to talk in the gentlest way possible of how the rain had refreshed her flowers, and of this and that poor rose.

I could think of nothing but the darling letter, which had flashed out of sight as a rabbit pops into burrows. Boddy departed with a rose.

"Ah, Richie," she said, "I have to pay to have you with me now."

We walked to the summer-house, where she read Heriot's letter through. "But he is a boy! How old is Heriot? He is not so old as I am!"

These were her words, and she read the letter anew, and read it again after she had placed it in her bosom, I meanwhile pouring out praises of Heriot.

"You speak of him as if you were in love with him, Richmond," said she.

"And I do love him," I answered.

"Not with me?" she asked.

"Yes, I do love you too, if you will not make him angry."

"But do you know what it is he wants of me?"

I guessed: "Yes; he wants you to let him sit close to you for half-an-hour."

She said that he sat very near her in church.

"Ah," said I, "but he mustn't interrupt the sermon."

She laughed, and mouthed me over with laughing kisses. "There's very little he hasn't daring enough for!"

We talked of his courage.

"Is he good as well?" said Julia, more to herself than to me; but I sang out,—

"Good! Oh, so kind!"

This appeared to convince her.

"Very generous to you and every one, is he not?" she said; and from that moment was all questions concerning his kind treatment of the boys, and as to their looking up to him.

I quitted her, taking her message to Heriot: "You may tell him—tell him that I can't write."

Heriot frowned on hearing me repeat it.

"Humph!" he went, and was bright in a twinkling: "that means she'll come!" He smacked his hands together, grew black, and asked, "Did she give that beast Boddy a rose?"

I had to confess she did; and feeling a twinge of my treason towards her, felt hers towards Heriot.

"Humph!" he went; "she shall suffer for that."

All this was like a music going on until the curtain should lift and reveal my father to me.

There was soon a secret to be read in Heriot's face for one who loved it as I did. Julia's betrayed nothing. I was not taken into their confidence, and luckily not; otherwise I fear I should have served them ill, I was so poor a dissembler and was so hotly plied with interrogations by the suspicious usher. I felt sure that Heriot and Julia met. His eyes were on her all through prayer-time, and hers wandered over the boys' heads till they rested on him, when they gave a short flutter and dropped, like a bird shot dead. The boys must have had some knowledge that love was busy in their midst, for they spoke of Heriot and Julia as a jolly couple, and of Boddy as one meaning to play the part of old Nick the first opportunity. She was kinder to them than ever. It was not a new thing that she should send in cakes of her own making, but it was extraordinary that we should get these thoughtful presents as often as once a fortnight, and it became usual to hear a boy exclaim, either among a knot of fellows or to himself, "By jingo, she is a pretty girl!" on her passing out of the room, and sometimes entirely of his own idea. I am persuaded that if she had consented to marry Boddy, the boys would have been seriously disposed to conspire to jump up in the church and forbid the banns. We should have preferred to hand her to the

junior usher, Catman, of whom the rumour ran in the school that he once drank a bottle of wine and was sick after it, and he was therefore a weak creature to our minds ; the truth of the rumour being confirmed by his pale complexion. That we would have handed our blooming princess to him was full proof of our abhorrence of Boddy. I might have thought with the other boys that she was growing prettier, only I never could imagine her so delicious as when she smiled at my father.

The consequence of the enlistment of the whole school in Heriot's interests was that at cricket-matches, picnics on the hills, and boating on the canal, Mr. Boddy was begirt with spies, and little Temple reported to Heriot a conversation that he, lying hidden in tall grass, had heard between Boddy and Julia. Boddy asked her to take private lessons in French from him. Heriot listened to the monstrous tale as he was on the point of entering Julia's boat, where Boddy sat beside her, and Heriot rowed stroke-oar. He dipped his blade and said, loud enough to be heard by me in Catman's boat,—

"Do you think French useful in a military education, sir?"

And Boddy said: "Yes, of course it is."

Says Heriot: "Then I think I shall take lessons."

Boddy told him he was taking lessons in the school.

"Oh!" says Heriot, "I mean private lessons;" and here he repeated one of Temple's pieces of communication: "so much more can be imparted in a private lesson!"

Boddy sprang half up from his seat. "Row, sir, and don't talk," he growled.

"Sit, sir, and don't dance in the boat, if you please, or the lady will be overset," says Heriot.

Julia requested to be allowed to land and walk home. Boddy caught the rudder lines and leapt on the bank to hand her out; then all the boys in her boat and in Catman's shouted, "Miss Julia! dear Miss Julia, don't leave us!" and we heard wheedling voices: "Don't go off with him alone!" Julia bade us behave well or she would not be able to come out with us. At her entreaty Boddy stepped back to his post, and the two boats went forward like swans that have done ruffling their feathers.

The boys were exceedingly disappointed that no catastrophe followed the events of the day. Heriot, they thought, might have upset the boat, saved Julia, and drowned Boddy, and given us a feast of pleasurable excitement: instead of which Boddy lived to harass us with his tyrannical impositions and spiteful slaps, and it was to him, not to our Heriot, that Julia was most gracious. Some of us discussed her conduct.

"She's a coquette," said little Temple. I went off to the French dictionary.

"Is Julia Rippenger a coquette, Heriot?" I asked him.

"Keep girls out of your heads, you little fellows," said he, dealing me a smart thump.

"Is a coquette a nasty girl?" I persisted.

"No, a nice one, as it happens," was his answer.

My only feeling was jealousy of the superior knowledge of the sex possessed by Temple, for I could not fathom the meaning of coquette; but he had sisters. Temple and I walked the grounds together, mutually declaring how much we would forfeit for Heriot's sake. By this time my Sunday visits to Julia had been interdicted: I was plunged, as it were, in the pit of the school, and my dreams of my father were losing distinctness. A series of boxes on the ears from Boddy began to astound and transform me. Mr. Rippenger, too, threatened me with canings, though my offences were slight. "Yes," said Temple and I, in chorus, "but you daren't strike Heriot!" This was our consolation, and the sentiment of the school. Fancy, then, our amazement to behold him laying the cane on Heriot's shoulders as fiercely as he could, and Boddy seconding him. The scene was terrible. We were all at our desks doing evening tasks for the morrow, a great match-day at cricket, Boddy watching over us, and bellowing, "Silence, at your work, you lazy fellows, if you want lessons to be finished at ten in the morning!" A noise came growing towards us from below, and up the stairs from the wet-weather shed, and Heriot burst into the room, old Rippenger after him, panting.

"Mr. Boddy, you were right," he cried; "I find him a prowler, breaking all rules of discipline. A perverted, impudent rascal! An example shall be set to my school, sir. We have been falling lax. What! I find the puppy in my garden, whistling—he confesses—for one of my servants . . . here, Mr. Boddy, if you please. My school shall see that none insult me with impunity!" He laid on Heriot like a wind on a bulrush. Heriot bent his shoulders a trifle, not his head.

"Hit away, sir," he said, during the storm of blows, and I, through my tears, imagined him (as I do now) a young eagle forced to bear the thunder, but with his face to it. Then we saw Boddy lay hands on him, and in a twinkling down pitched the usher, and the boys cheered—chirped, I should say, they exulted so, and merely sang out like birds, without any wilfulness of delight or defiance. After the fall of Boddy we had no sense of our hero suffering shame. Temple and I clutched fingers tight as long as the blows went on. We hoped for Boddy to make another attempt to touch Heriot; he held near the master, looking ready to spring, like a sallow panther; we kept hoping he would, in our horror of the murderous slashes of the cane; and not a syllable did Heriot utter. Temple and I started up, unaware of what we were going to do, or of anything until we had got a blow apiece, and were in the thick of it, and Boddy had us both by the collars, and was knocking our heads together, as he dragged us back to our seats. But the boys told us we stopped the execution. Mr. Rippenger addressed us before he left the school-room. Saddlebank, Salter, and a good many others plugged their ears with their fists. That night Boddy and Catman paced in the bed-chambers, to prevent plotting and conspiracy, they said. I longed to get my arms

about Heriot, and thought of him, and dreamed of blood, and woke in the morning wondering what made me cry, and my arms and back very stiff. Heriot was gay as ever, but had fits of reserve; the word passed round that we were not to talk of yesterday evening. We feared he would refuse to play in the match.

"Why not?" said he, staring at us angrily. "Has Saddlebank broken his arm, and can't bowl?"

No, Saddlebank was in excellent trim, though shamefaced, as was Salter, and most of the big boys were. They begged Heriot to let them shake his hand.

"Wait till we win our match," said Heriot.

Julia did not appear at morning prayers.

"Ah," said Temple, "it'd make her sick to hear old Massacre praying." It had nearly made him sick, he added, and I immediately felt that it had nearly made me sick.

We supposed we should not see Julia at the match. She came, however, and talked to everybody. I could not contain myself, I wanted so to tell her what had befallen Heriot overnight, while he was batting, and the whole ground cheering his hits. I on one side of her whispered—

"I say, Julia, my dear, I say, do you know"

And Temple on the other: "Miss Julia, I wish you'd let me tell you"

We longed to arouse her pity for Heriot at the moment she was admiring him, but she checked us, and as she was surrounded by ladies and gentlemen of the town, and particular friends of hers, we could not speak out. Heriot brought his bat to the booth for eighty-nine runs. His sleeve happened to be unbuttoned, and there on his arm was a mark of the cane.

"Look!" I said to Julia. But she looked at me.

"Richie, are you ill?"

She assured me I was very pale, and I felt her trembling excessively, and her parasol was covering us.

"Here, Roy, Temple," we heard Heriot call; "here, come here, and bowl to me."

I went and bowled till I thought my head was flying after the ball and getting knocks, it swam and throbbed so horribly.

Temple related afterwards that I fell, and was carried all the way from the cricket-field home by Heriot, who would not give me up to the usher. I was in Julia's charge three days. Every time I spoke of her father and Heriot, she cried, "Oh, hush!" and had tears on her eyelids. When I was quite strong again, I made her hear me out. She held me and rocked over me like a green tree in the wind and rain.

"Was any name mentioned?" she asked, with her mouth working, and to my "No," said "No, she knew there was none," and seemed to drink and choke, and was one minute calm, all but a trembling hanging underlip, next smiling on me, and next having her face carved in grimaces

by the jerking little tugs of her mouth, which I disliked to see, for she would say nothing of what she thought of Heriot, and I thought to myself, though I forbore to speak unkindly, "It's no use your making yourself look ugly, Julia." If she had talked of Heriot, I should have thought that crying persons' kisses were agreeable.

On my return into the school, I found it in a convulsion of excitement, owing to Heriot's sending Boddy a challenge to fight a duel with pistols. Mr. Rippenger preached a sermon to the boys concerning the un-Christian spirit and hideous moral perversity of one who would even consent to fight a duel. How much more reprehensible, then, was one that could bring himself to defy a fellow-creature to mortal combat! We were not of his opinion; and as these questions are carried by majorities, we decided that Boddy was a coward, and approved the idea that Heriot would have to shoot or scourge him when the holidays came. Mr. Rippenger concluded his observations by remarking that the sharpest punishment he could inflict upon Heriot was to leave him to his own conscience; which he did for three days, and then asked him if he was in a fit state of mind to beg Mr. Boddy's pardon publicly.

"I'm quite prepared to tell him what I think of him publicly, sir," said Heriot.

A murmur of exultation passed through the school. Mr. Rippenger seized little Temple, and flogged him. Far from dreading the rod, now that Heriot and Temple had tasted it, I thought of punishment as a mad pleasure, not a bit more awful than the burning furze-bush plunged into by our fellows in a follow-my-leader scamper on the common; so I caught Temple's hand as he went by me, and said, eagerly, "Shall I sing out hurrah?"

"Bother it!" was Temple's answer, for he had taken a stinging dozen, and had a tender skin.

Mr. Rippenger called me up to him, to inform me that, whoever I was, and whatever I was, and I might be a little impostor foisted on his benevolence, yet he would bring me to a knowledge of myself: he gave me warning of it; and if my father objected to his method, my father must write word to that effect, and attend punctually to business duties, for Surrey House was not an almshouse, either for the sons of gentlemen of high connection, or of the sons of vagabonds. Mr. Rippenger added a spurning shove on my shoulder to his recommendation to me to resume my seat. I did not understand him at all. I was, in fact, indebted to a boy named Drew, a known sneak, for the explanation, in itself difficult to comprehend. It was, that Mr. Rippenger was losing patience because he had received no money on account of my boarding and schooling. The intelligence filled my head like the buzz of a fly, occupying my meditations without leading them anywhere. I spoke on the subject to Heriot.

"Oh, the sordid old brute!" said he of Mr. Rippenger. "How can he know the habits and feelings of gentlemen? Your father's travelling,

and can't write, of course. My father's in India, and I get a letter from him about once a year. We know one another, and I know he's one of the best officers in the British army. It's just the way with schoolmasters and tradesmen: they don't care whether a man is doing his duty to his country; he must attend to them, settle accounts with them—hang them! I'll send you money, dear little lad; after I've left."

He dispersed my brooding fit. I was sure my father was a fountain of gold, and only happened to be travelling. Besides, Heriot's love for Julia, whom none of us saw now, was an incessant distraction. She did not appear at prayers. She sat up in the gallery at church, hardly to be spied. A letter that Heriot flung over the garden-wall for her was returned to him, open, enclosed by post.

"A letter for Walter Heriot," exclaimed Mr. Boddy, lifting it high for Heriot to walk and fetch it; and his small eyes blinked when Heriot said aloud on his way, cheerfully,—

"A letter from the colonel in India!"

Boddy waited a minute, and then said, "Is your father in good health?"

Heriot's face was scarlet. At first he stuttered, "My father!—I hope so! What have you in common with him, sir?"

"You stated that the letter was from your father," said Boddy.

"What if it is, sir?"

"Oh, in that case, nothing whatever to me."

They talked on, and the youngest of us could perceive Boddy was bursting with devilish glee. Heriot got a letter posted to Julia. It was laid on his desk, with her name scratched completely out, and his put in its place. He grew pale and sad, but did his work, playing his games, and only letting his friends speak to him of lessons and play. His counsel to me was that, in spite of everything, I was always to stick to my tasks and my cricket. His sadness he could not conceal. He looked like an old lamp with a poor light in it. Not a boy in the school missed seeing how Boddy's flat head perpetually had a side-eye on him.

All this came to an end. John Salter's father lived on the other side of the downs, and invited three of us to spend a day at his house. The selection included Heriot, Saddlebank, and me. Mr. Rippenger, not liking to refuse Mr. Salter, consented to our going, but pretended that I was too young. Salter said his mother and sisters very much wished to make my acquaintance. We went in his father's carriage. A jolly wind blew clouds and dust and leaves: I could have fancied I was going to my own father. The sensation of freedom had a magical effect on me, so that I was the wildest talker of them all. Even in the middle of the family I led the conversation; and I did not leave Salter's house without receiving an assurance from his elder sisters that they were in love with me. We drove home—back to prison, we called it—full of good things, talking of Salter's father's cellar of wine and of my majority Burgundy, which I said, believing it, amounted to twelve hundred dozen; and an

appointment was made for us to meet at Dipwell Farm, to assist in consuming it, in my honour and my father's. That matter settled, I felt myself rolling over and over at a great rate, and clasping a juniper-tree. The horses had trenched from the chalk road on to the downs. I had been shot out. Heriot and Salter had jumped out—Heriot to look after me; but Saddlebank and the coachman were driving at a great rate over the dark slope. Salter felt some anxiety concerning his father's horses, so we left him to pursue them, and walked on laughing, Heriot praising me for my pluck.

"I say good-by to you to-night, Richie," said he. "We're certain to meet again. I shall go to a military school. Mind you enter a cavalry regiment when you're man enough. Look in the *Army List*, you'll find me there. My aunt shall make a journey and call on you while you're at Rippenger's, so you shan't be quite lonely."

To my grief, I discovered that Heriot had resolved he would not return to school.

"You'll get thrashed," he said; "I can't help it: I hope you've grown tough by this time. I can't stay here. I feel more like a dog than a man in that house now. I'll see you back safe. No crying, young cornet!"

We had lost the sound of the carriage. Heriot fell to musing. He remarked that the accident took away from Mr. Salter the responsibility of delivering him at Surrey House; but that he, Heriot, was bound, for Mr. Salter's sake, to conduct me to the doors; an unintelligible refinement of reasoning to my wits. We reached our town between two and three in the morning. There was a ladder leaning against one of the houses in repair near the school. "You are here, are you!" said Heriot, speaking to the ladder: "you'll do me a service—the last I shall want in the neighbourhood." He managed to poise the ladder on his shoulder, and moved forward.

"Are we going in through the window?" I asked, seeing him fix the ladder against the school-house wall.

He said, "Hush; keep a look-out."

I saw him mount high. When he tapped at the window I remembered it was Julia's; I heard her cry out inside. The window rose slowly. Heriot spoke:—

"I have come to say good-by to you, Julia, dear girl: don't be afraid of me." She answered inaudibly to my ears. He begged her to come to him once, only once, and hear him and take his hand. She was timid; he had her fingers first, then her whole arm, and she leaned over him. "Julia, my sweet dear girl," he said; and she—

"Heriot, Walter, don't go—don't go; you do not care for me if you go. Oh, don't go."

"We've come to it," said Heriot.

She asked why he was not in bed, and moaned on: "Don't go." I was speechless with wonder at the night and the scene. They whispered;

I saw their faces close together, and Heriot's arms round her neck. "Oh, Heriot, my darling, my Walter," she said, crying, I knew by the sound of her voice.

"Tell me you love me," said Heriot.

"I do, I do, only don't go," she answered.

"Will you love me faithfully?"

"I will; I do."

"Say, 'I love you, Walter.'"

"I love you, Walter."

"For ever."

"For ever. Oh! what a morning for me. Do you smell my honeysuckle? Oh, don't go away from me, Walter. Do you love me so?"

"I'd go through a regiment of sabres to get at you."

"But smell the night air; how sweet! oh, how sweet! No, not kiss me, if you are going to leave me; not kiss me, if you can be so cruel!"

"Do you dream of me in your bed?"

"Yes, every night."

"God bless the bed!"

"Every night I dream of you. Oh! brave Heriot; dear dear Walter, you did not betray me; my father struck you, and you let him for my sake. Every night I pray heaven to make you forgive him: I thought you would hate me. I cried till I was glad you could not see me. Look at those two little stars; no, they hurt me, I can't look at them ever again. But no, you are not going; you want to frighten me. Do smell the flowers. Don't make them poison to me. Oh, what a morning for me when you're lost! And me, to look out on the night alone! No, no more kisses! Oh, yes, I will kiss you, dear."

Heriot said: "Your mother was Irish, Julia."

"Yes. She would have loved you."

"I've Irish blood too. Give me her portrait. It's the image of you."

"To take away? Walter! not to take it away?"

"You darling! to keep me sure of you."

"Part with my mother's portrait?"

"Why, yes, if you love me one bit."

"But you are younger than me, Heriot."

"Then, good-night, good-by, Julia."

"Walter, I will fetch it."

Heriot now told her I was below, and she looked down on me and called my name softly, sending kisses from her fingers while he gave the cause for our late return.

"Some one must be sitting up for you—are we safe?" she said.

Heriot laughed, and pressed for the portrait.

"It is all I have. Why should you not have it? I want to be remembered."

She sobbed as she said this and disappeared. Heriot still talked into

her room. I thought I heard a noise of the garden-door opening. A man came out rushing toward the ladder. I called in terror: "Mr. Boddy, stop, sir." He pushed me savagely aside, pitching his whole force against the ladder. Heriot pulled down Julia's window; he fell with a heavy thump on the ground, and I heard a shriek above. He tried to spring to his feet but dropped, supported himself on one of his hands, and cried:—

"All right; no harm done; how do you do, Mr. Boddy? I thought I'd try one of the attics, as we were late, not to disturb the house. I'm not hurt, I tell you," he cried as loud as he could.

The usher's words were in a confusion of rage and inquiries. He commanded Heriot to stand on his legs, abused him, asked what he meant by it, accused him of depravity, of crime, of disgraceful conduct, and attempted to pluck him from the spot.

"Hands off me," said Heriot; "I can help myself. The youngster'll help me, and we'll go round to the front door. I hope, sir, you will behave like a gentleman; make no row here, Mr. Boddy, if you've any respect for people inside. We were upset by Mr. Salter's carriage; it's damaged my leg, I believe. Have the goodness, sir, to go in by your road, and we'll go round and knock at the front door in the proper way. We shall have to disturb the house after all."

Heriot insisted. I was astonished to see Boddy obey him and leave us, after my dear Heriot had hopped with his hand on my shoulder to the corner of the house fronting the road. While we were standing alone a light cart drove by. Heriot hailed it, and hopped up to the driver.

"Take me to London, there's a good fellow," he said; "I'm a gentleman; you needn't look fixed. I'll pay you well and thank you. But quick. Haul me up, up; here's my hand. By jingo! this is pain."

The man said, "Scamped it out of school, sir?"

Heriot replied: "Mum. Rely on me when I tell you I'm a gentleman."

"Well, if I pick up a gentleman I can't be doing a bad business," said the man, hauling him in tenderly.

Heriot sung to me in his sweet manner: "Good-by, little Richie. Knock when five minutes are over. God bless you, dear little lad! Leg'll get well by morning, never fear for me; and we'll meet somehow; we'll drink the Burgundy. No crying. Kiss your hand to me."

I kissed my hand to him. I had no tears to shed; my chest kept heaving enormously. My friend was gone. I stood in the road straining to hear the last of the wheels after they had long been silent.

CHAPTER VI.

A TALE OF A GOOSE.

FROM that hour till the day Heriot's aunt came to see me, I lived systematically out of myself in extreme flights of imagination, locking my doors up, as it were, all the faster for the extremest strokes of Mr. Rippenger's rod. He remarked justly that I grew an impenetrably sullen boy, a constitutional rebel, a callous lump : and assured me that if my father would not pay for me, I at least should not escape my debts. The title of little impostor, transmitted from the master's mouth to the school in designation of one who had come to him as a young prince, and for whom he had not received one penny's indemnification, naturally caused me to have fights with several of the boys. Whereupon I was reported : I was prayed at to move my spirit, and flogged to exercise my flesh. The prayers I soon learnt to laugh to scorn. The floggings, after they were over, crowned me with delicious sensations of martyrdom. Even while the sting lasted I could say, it's for Heriot and Julia ! and it gave me a wonderful penetration into the mournful ecstasy of love. Julia was sent away to a relative by the sea-side, because, one of the housemaids told me, she could not bear to hear of my being beaten. Mr. Rippenger summoned me to his private room to bid me inform him whether I had other relatives besides my father, such as grandfather, grandmother, uncles, or aunts, or a mother. I dare say Julia would have led me to break my word to my father by speaking of old Riversley, a place I half longed for since my father had grown so distant and dim to me ; but confession to Mr. Rippenger seemed, as he said of Heriot's behaviour towards him, a gross breach of trust to my father ; so I refused steadily to answer, and suffered the consequences now on my dear father's behalf.

Heriot's aunt brought me a cake, and in a letter from him an extraordinary sum of money for a boy of my age. He wrote that he knew I should want it to pay my debts for treats to the boys and keep them in good humour. He believed also that his people meant to have me for the Christmas holidays. The sum he sent me was five pounds, carefully enclosed. I felt myself a prince again. The money was like a golden gate through which freedom twinkled a finger. Forthwith I paid my debts, amounting to two pounds twelve shillings, and instructed a couple of day-boarders, commercial fellows, whose heavy and mysterious charges for commissions ran up a bill in no time, to prepare to bring us materials for a feast on Saturday. Temple abominated the trading propensities of these boys. "They never get licked and they've always got money, at least I know they always get mine," said he ; "but you and I and Heriot despise them." Our position towards them was that of an encumbered aristocracy, and really they paid us great respect. The fact was that, when they had trusted us, they were compelled to continue obsequious, for Heriot had instilled the sentiment in the school that gentlemen

never failed to wipe out debts in the long run, so it was their interest to make us feel they knew us to be gentlemen, who were at some time or other sure to pay, and thus also they operated on our consciences. From which it followed that one title of superiority among us, ranking next in the order of nobility to the dignity conferred by Mr. Rippenger's rod, was the being down in their books. Temple and I walked in the halo of unlimited credit like more than mortal twins. I gave an order for four bottles of champagne.

On the Friday evening Catman walked out with us. His studious habits endeared him to us immensely, owing to his having his head in his book on all occasions, and a walk under his superintendence was first-cousin to liberty. Some boys roamed ahead, some lagged behind, while Catman turned over his pages, sounding the return only when it grew dark. The rumour of the champagne had already intoxicated the boys. There was a companion and most auspicious rumour that Boddy was going to be absent on Saturday. If so, we said, we may drink our champagne under Catman's nose and he be none the wiser. Saddlebank undertook to manage our feast for us. Coming home over the downs, just upon twilight, Temple and I saw Saddlebank carrying a long withy upright. We asked him what it was for. He shouted back: "It's for fortune. You keep the rearguard." Then we saw him following a man and a flock of geese, and imitating the action of the man with his green wand. As we were ready to laugh at anything Saddlebank did, we laughed at this. The man walked like one half asleep, and appeared to wake up now and then to find that he was right in the middle of his geese, and then he waited, and Saddlebank waited behind him. Presently the geese passed a lane leading off the downs. We saw Saddlebank duck his wand in a coaxing way, like an angler dropping his fly for fish; he made all sorts of curious easy flourishes against the sky and branched up the lane. We struck after him, little suspecting that he had a goose in front, but he had; he had cut one of the loiterers off from the flock; and to see him handle his wand on either side his goose, encouraging it to go forward, and remonstrating, and addressing it in bits of Latin, and the creature pattering stiff and astonished, sent us in a dance of laughter.

"What have you done, old Saddle?" said Temple, though it was perfectly clear what Saddlebank had done.

"I've carved off a slice of Michaelmas," said Saddlebank, and he hewed the air to flick delicately at his goose's head.

"What do you mean—a slice?" said we.

We wanted to be certain the goose was captured booty. Saddlebank would talk nothing but his fun. Temple fetched a roaring sigh:

"Oh! how good this goose 'd be with our champagne."

The idea seized and enraptured me. "Saddlebank, I'll buy him of you," I said.

"Chink won't flavour him," said Saddlebank, still at his business; "here, you two, cut back by the down and try all your might to get a

dozen apples before Catman counts heads at the door, and you hold your tongues."

We shot past the man with the geese—I pitied him—clipped a corner of the down, and by dint of hard running reached the main street, mad for apples, before Catman appeared there. Apples, champagne, and cakes were now provided; all that was left to think of was the goose. We glorified Saddlebank's cleverness to the boys.

"By jingo! what a treat you'll have," Temple said among them, bursting with our secret.

Saddlebank pleaded that he had missed his way on presenting himself ten minutes after time. To me and Temple he breathed of goose, but he shunned us; he had no fun in him till Saturday afternoon, when Catman called out to hear if we were for cricket or a walk.

"A walk on the downs," said Saddlebank.

Temple and I echoed him, and Saddlebank motioned his hand as though he were wheeling his goose along. Saddlebank spoke a word to my commissioners. I was to leave the arrangements for the feast to him, he said. John Salter was at home unwell, so Saddlebank was chief. No sooner did we stand on the downs than he gathered us all in a circle, and taking off his cap threw in it some slips of paper. We had to draw lots who should keep by Catman out of twenty-seven; fifteen blanks were marked. Temple dashed his hand into the cap first. "Like my luck," he remarked, and pocketed both fists as he began strutting away to hide his desperation at drawing a blank. I bought a substitute for him at the price of half-a-crown.—Drew, a fellow we were glad to get rid of; he wanted five shillings. The feast was worth fifty, but to haggle about prices showed the sneak. He begged us to put by a taste for him; he was groaned out of hearing. The fifteen looked so wretched when they saw themselves divided from us that I gave them a shilling a-piece to console them. They took their instructions from Saddlebank as to how they were to surround Catman, and make him fancy us to be all in his neighbourhood; and then we shook hands, they requesting us feebly to drink their healths, and we saying, ay, that we would. Temple was in distress of spirits because of his having been ignominiously bought off. Saddlebank, however, put on such a pace that no one had leisure for melancholy. "I'll get you fellows up to boiling-point," said he. There was a tremendously hot sun overhead. On a sudden he halted, exclaiming: "Cooks and gridirons! what about sage and onions?" Only Temple and I jumped at the meaning of this. We drew lots for a messenger, and it was miserable to behold an unfortunate fellow touch Saddlebank's hand containing the notched bit of stick, and find himself condemned to go and buy sage and onions somewhere, without knowing what it was for;—how could he guess we were going to cook a raw goose! The lot fell to a boy named Barnshed, a big slow boy, half way up every class he was in, but utterly stupid out of school; which made Saddlebank say: "They'll take it he's the bird that wants stuffing." Barnshed was directed where to rejoin us.

The others asked why he was trotted after sage and onions. "Because he's an awful goose," said Saddlebank. Temple and I thought the word was out and hurrahed, and back came Barnshed. We had a task in persuading him to resume his expedition, as well as Saddlebank to forgive us. Saddlebank's anger was excessive. We conciliated him by calling him captain, and pretending to swear an oath of allegiance. He now led us through a wood on to some fields down to a shady dell, where we were to hold the feast in privacy. He did not descend it himself. Vexatious as it was to see a tramp's tent there, we nevertheless acknowledged the respectful greeting of the women and the man with a few questions about tent-pegs, pots, and tin mugs. Saddlebank remained aloft, keeping a look-out for the day-school fellows, Chaunter, Davis, and Bystop, my commissioners. They did not keep us waiting long. They had driven to the spot in a cart, according to Saddlebank's directions. Our provisions were in three large hampers. We praised their forethought loudly at the sight of an extra bottle of champagne, with two bottles of ginger-wine, two of currant, two of raisin, four pint bottles of ale, six of gingerbeer, a Dutch cheese, a heap of tarts, three sally-lunns, and four shillings-worth of toffy. Temple and I joined our apples to the mass; a sight at which some of the boys exulted aloud. The tramp-women insisted on spreading things out for us: ten yards off their children squatted staring: the man smoked and chaffed us.

At last Saddlebank came running over the hill-side, making as if he meant to bowl down what looked a black body of a baby against the sky, and shouting, "See, you fellows, here's a find!" He ran through us, swinging his goose up to the hampers, saying that he had found the goose under a furze-bush. While the words were coming out of his mouth, he saw the tramps, and the man tramp's eyes and his met.

The man had one eyebrow and his lips at one corner screwed in a queer lift: he winked slowly, "Odd! ain't it?" he said.

Saddlebank shouldered round on us, and cried, "Confound you fellows! here's a beastly place you've pitched upon." His face was the colour of scarlet in patches.

"Now, I call it a beautiful place," said the man, "and if you finds goosies hereabouts growing ready for the fire all but plucking, why, it's a bountiful place, I call it."

The women tried to keep him silent. But for them we should have moved our encampment. "Why, of course, young gentlemen, if you want to eat the goose, we'll pluck it for you and cook it for you, all nice," they said. "How can young gentlemen do that for themselves?"

It was clear to us we must have a fire for the goose. Certain observations current among us about the necessity to remove the goose's inside, and not to lose the giblets, which even the boy who named them confessed his inability to recognize, inclined the majority to accept the woman's proposal. Saddlebank said it was on our heads, then.

To revive his good humour, Temple uncorked a bottle of champagne.

The tramp-woman lent us a tin mug, and round it went. One boy said, "That's a commencement;" another said, "Hang old Rippenger." Temple snapped his fingers, and Bystop, a farmer's son, said, "Well, now I've drunk champagne; I meant to before I died!" Most of the boys seemed puzzled by it. As for me my heart sprang up in me like a colt turned out of stables to graze. I determined that the humblest of my retainers should feed from my table, and drink in my father's and Heriot's honour, and I poured out champagne for the women, who just sipped, and the man, who vowed he preferred beer. A spoonful of the mashed tarts I sent to each of the children. Only one, the eldest, a girl about a year older than me, or younger, with black eyebrows and rough black hair, refused to eat or drink.

"Let her bide, young gentlemen," said a woman; "she's a regular obstinate, once she sets in for it."

"Ah!" said the man. "I've seen pigs druv, and I've seen iron bent double. She's harder 'n both, once she takes't into her head."

"By jingo, she's pig-iron!" cried Temple, and sighed, "Oh, dear old Heriot!"

I flung myself beside him to talk of our lost friend.

A great commotion stirred the boys. They shrieked at beholding their goose vanish in a pot for stewing. They wanted roast-geese, they exclaimed, not boiled; who cared for boiled geese! But the women asked them how it was possible to roast a goose on the top of wood-flames, where there was nothing to hang it by, and nothing would come of it except smoked bones!

The boys groaned in consternation, and Saddlebank sowed discontent by grumbling, "Now you see what your jolly new acquaintances have done for you."

So we played at catch with the Dutch cheese, and afterwards bowled it for long-stopping, when, to the disgust of Saddlebank and others, down ran the black-haired girl and caught the ball clean at wicket-distance. As soon as she had done it she was ashamed, and slunk away.

The boys called out, "Now then, pig-iron!"

One fellow enraged me by throwing an apple that hit her in the back. We exchanged half-a-dozen blows, whereupon he consented to apologize, and roared, "Hulloa, pig-iron, sorry if I hurt you."

Temple urged me to insist on the rascal's going on his knees for flinging at a girl.

"Why," said Chaunter, "you were the first to call her pig-iron."

Temple declared he was a blackguard if he said that. I made the girl take a piece of toffy.

"Aha!" Saddlebank grumbled, "this comes of the precious company you would keep in spite of my caution."

The man told us to go it, for he liked to observe young gentlemen enjoying themselves. Temple tossed him a pint bottle of beer, with an injunction to him to shut his trap.

"Now, you talk my mother tongue," said the man; "you're what goes by the name of a learned gentleman. Thank ye, sir. You'll be a counsellor some day."

"I won't get off thieves, I can tell you," said Temple. He was the son of a barrister.

"Nor you won't help cook their geese for them, may be," said the man. "Well, kindness is kindness, all over the world."

The women stormed at him to command him not to anger the young gentlemen, for Saddlebank was swearing awfully in an undertone. He answered them that he was the mildest lamb afloat.

Despairing of the goose, we resolved to finish the cold repast awaiting us. The Dutch cheese had been bowled into bits. With a portion of the mashed tarts on it, and champagne, it tasted excellently; toffy to follow. Those boys who chose ginger-wine had it, and drank, despaired. The ginger-beer and ale, apples and sally-lunns, were reserved for supper. My mind became like a driving sky, with glimpses of my father and Heriot bursting through.

"If I'm not a prince, I'm a nobleman," I said to Temple.

He replied, "Army or Navy. I don't much care which. We're sure of a foreign war some time. Then you'll see fellows rise: lieutenant, captain, colonel, general—quick as barrels popping at a bird. I should like to be Governor of Gibraltar."

"I'll come and see you, Temple," said I.

"Done! old Richie," he said, grasping my hand warmly.

"The truth is, Temple," I confided to him, "I've an uncle—I mean a grandfather—of enormous property; he owns half Hampshire, I believe, and hates my father like poison. I won't stand it. You've seen my father, haven't you? Gentlemen never forget their servants, Temple. Let's drink lots more champagne. I wish you and I were knights riding across that country there, as they used to, and you saying, 'I wonder whether your father's at home in the castle expecting our arrival.'"

"The Baron!" said Temple. "He's like a Baron, too. His health. Your health, sir! It's just the wine to drink it in, Richie. He's one of the men I look up to. It's odd he never comes to see you, because he's fond of you; the right sort of father! Big men can't be always looking after little boys. Not that we're so young though, now. Lots of fellows of our age have done things fellows write about. I feel——" Temple sat up swelling his chest to deliver an important sentiment; "I feel uncommonly thirsty."

So did I. We attributed it to the air of the place, Temple going so far as to say that it came off the chalk, which somehow stuck in the throat.

"Saddlebank, don't look glum," said Temple. "Lord, Richie, you should hear my father plead in court with his wig on. They used to say at home I was a clever boy when I was a baby. Saddlebank, you've looked glum all the afternoon."

"Treat your superiors respectfully," Saddlebank retorted.

The tramp was irritating him. That tramp had never left off smoking and leaning on his arm since we first saw him. Two boys named Hackman and Montagne, not bad fellows, grew desirous of a whiff from his pipe. They had it, and lay down silent, back to back. Bystop was led away in a wretched plight. Two others, Paynter and Ashworth, attacked the apples, rendered desperate by thirst. Saddlebank repelled them furiously. He harangued those who might care to listen :

"You fellows, by George! you shall eat the goose, I tell you. You've spoilt everything, and I tell you, whether you like it or not, you shall have apples with it, and sage and onions too. I don't ask for thanks. And I propose to post outposts in the wood to keep watch."

He wanted us to draw lots again. His fun had entirely departed from him; all he thought of was seeing the goose out of the pot. I had a feeling next to hatred for one who could talk of goose. Temple must have shared it.

"We've no real captain now dear old Heriot's gone," he said. "The school's topsy-turvy: we're like a lot of things rattled in a box. Oh, dear! how I do like a good commander. On he goes, you after him, never mind what happens."

A pair of inseparable friends, Happitt and Larkins, nicknamed Happy-go-Lucky, were rolling arm-in-arm, declaring they were perfectly sober, and, for a proof of it, trying to direct their feet towards a lump of chalk, and marching, and missing it. Up came Chaunter to them: "Fat goose!" he said—no more. Both the boys rushed straight as far as they could go; both sung out, "I'm done!" and they were.

Temple and I contemplated these proceedings as matters belonging to the ordinary phenomena of feasting. We agreed that gentlemen were always the last to drop, and were assured, therefore, of our living out the field; but I dreaded the moment of the goose's appearance, and I think he did also. Saddlebank's pertinacity in withholding the cool ginger-beer and the apples offended us deeply; we should have conspired against him had we reposed confidence in our legs and our tongues. Twilight was around us. The tramp-children lay in little bundles in one tent; another was being built by the women and the girl. Overhead I counted numbers of stars, all small; and lights in the valley—lights of palaces to my imagination. Stars and tramps seemed to me to go together. Houses imprisoned us, I thought: a lost father was never to be discovered by remaining in them. Plunged among dark green leaves, smelling wood-snake, at night; at morning waking up, and the world alight, and you standing high, and marking the hills where you will see the next morning and the next, morning after morning, and one morning the dearest person in the world surprising you just before you wake: I thought this a heavenly pleasure. But, observing the narrowness of the tents, it struck me there would be snoring companions. I felt so intensely sensitive, that the very idea of a snore gave me tremours and qualms: it

was associated with the sense of fat. Saddlebank had the lid of the pot in his hand; we smelt the goose, and he cried, "Now for supper; now for it! Halloo, you fellows!"

"Bother it, Saddlebank, you'll make Catman hear you," said Temple, wiping his forehead.

I perspired coldly also.

"Catman! He's been at it for the last hour and a half," Saddlebank replied.

One boy ran up: he was ready, and the only one who was. Presently Chaunter rushed by.

"Barnshed's in custody; I'm away home," he said, passing.

We stared at the black opening of the dell.

"Oh, it's Catman; we don't mind him," Saddlebank reassured us; but we heard ominous voices, and perceived people standing over a prostrate figure. Then we heard a voice too well known to us. It said, "The explanation of a pupil in your charge, Mr. Catman, being sent barefaced into the town—a scholar of mine—for sage and onions . . ."

"Old Rippenger!" breathed Temple.

We sat paralyzed. Now we understood the folly of despatching a donkey like Barnshed for sage and onions.

"Oh, what asses we have been!" Temple continued. "Come along—we run for it! Come along, Richie! They're picking up the fellows like windfalls."

I told him I would not run for it; in fact, I distrusted my legs; and he was staggering, answering Saddlebank's reproaches for having come among tramps.

"Temple, I see you, sir!" called Mr. Rippenger. Poor Temple had advanced into the firelight.

With the instinct to defeat the master, I crawled in the line of the shadows to the farther side of a tent, where I felt a hand clutch mine. "Hide me," said I; and the curtain of the tent was raised. After squeezing through boxes and straw, I lay flat, covered by a mat smelling of abominable cheese, and felt a head outside it on my chest. Several times Mr. Rippenger pronounced my name in the way habitual to him in anger: "Rye!"

Temple's answer was inaudible to me. Saddlebank spoke, and other boys, and the man and the women. Then a light was thrust in the tent, and the man said, "Me deceive you, sir! See for yourself, to satisfy yourself. Here's our little 'uns laid warm, and a girl there, head on the mat, going down to join her tribe at Lipcombe, and one of our women sleeps here, and all told. But for you to suspect me of combining—Thank ye, sir. You've got my word as a man."

The light went away. My chest was relieved of the weight on it. I sat up, and the creature who had been kind to me laid mat and straw on the ground, and drew my head on her shoulder, where I slept fast.

CHAPTER VII.

A FREE LIFE ON THE ROAD.

I WOKE very early, though I had taken kindly to my pillow, as I found by my having an arm round my companion's neck and her fingers intertwined with mine. For awhile I lay looking at her eyes, which had every imaginable light and signification in them; they advised me to lie quiet, they laughed at my wonder, they said, "Dear little fellow!" they flashed as from under a cloud, darkened, flashed out of it, seemed to dip in water and shine, and were sometimes like a view into a forest, sometimes intensely sunny, never quite still. I trusted her, and could have slept again, but the sight of the tent stupefied me; I fancied the sky had fallen, and gasped for air; my head was extremely dizzy, too: not one idea in it was kept from wheeling. This confusion of my head flew to my legs when, imitating her, I rose to go forth. In a fit of horror I thought, "I've forgotten how to walk!"

Summoning my manful resolution, I made the attempt to step across the children swaddled in matting and straw and old gowns or petticoats. The necessity for doing it with a rush seized me after the first step. I pitched over one little bundle, right on to the figure of a sleeping woman. All she did was to turn round, murmuring, "Naughty Jackie." My companion pulled me along gravely, and once in the air, with a good breath of it in my chest, I felt tall and strong, and knew what had occurred. The tent where I had slept struck me as more curious than my own circumstances. I lifted my face to the sky; it was just sunrise, beautiful; bits of long and curling cloud brushed any way close on the blue, and rosy, and white, deliciously cool; the grass was all grey, our dell in shadow, and the tops of the trees burning, a few birds twittering.

I sucked a blade of grass.

"I wish it was all water here," I said.

"Come and have a drink and a bathe," said my companion.

We went down the dell and over a juniper slope, reminding me of my day at John Salter's house and the last of dear Heriot. Rather to my shame, my companion beat me at running; she was very swift, and my legs were stiff.

"Can you swim?" she asked me.

"I can row, and swim, and fence, and ride, and fire a pistol," I said.

"Oh, dear," said she, after eyeing me enviously. I could see that I had checked a recital of her accomplishments.

We arrived at a clear stream in a gentleman's park, where grass rolled smooth as sea-water on a fine day, and cows and horses were feeding.

"I can catch that horse and mount him," she said.

I was astonished.

"Straddle?"

She nodded down for "Yes."

"No saddle?"

She nodded level for "No."

My respect for her returned. But she could not swim.

"Only up to my knees," she confessed.

"Have a look at me," said I; and I stripped and shot into the water, happy as a fish, and thinking how much nicer it was than champagne. My enjoyment made her so envious that she plucked off her stockings and came in as far as she dared. I called to her: "You're like a cow," and how she showed her teeth, bidding me not say that.

"A cow! a cow!" I repeated, in my superior pleasure.

She spun out in a breath: "If you say that I'll run away with every bit of your clothes, and you'll come out and run about naked, you will."

"Now I float," was my answer, "now I dive;" and when I came up she welcomed me with a big bright grin.

A smart run in the heat dried me. I dressed, finding half my money on the grass. She asked me to give her one of those bits—a shilling. I gave her two, upon which she asked me, invitingly, if ever I tossed. I replied that I never tossed for money; but she had caught a shilling, and I could not resist guessing 'heads,' and won; the same with her second shilling. She handed them to me sullenly, sobbing, yet she would not take them back.

"By-and-by you give me another two," she said, growing lively again.

We agreed that it would be a good thing if we entered the village and bought something. None of the shops were open. We walked through the churchyard. I said, "Here's where dead people are buried."

"I'll dance if you talk about dead people," said she, and began whooping at the pitch of her voice. On my wishing to know why she did it, her reply was that it was to make the dead people hear. My feelings were strange: the shops not open, and no living people to be seen. We climbed trees, and sat on a branch talking of birds' eggs till hunger drove us to the village street, where, near the public-house, we met the man tramp, who whistled.

He was rather amusing. He remarked that he put no questions to me because he put no questions to anybody, because answers excited him about subjects that had no particular interest to him, and did not benefit him to the extent of a pipe of tobacco; and all through not being inquisitive, yesterday afternoon he had obtained, as if it had been chucked into his lap, a fine-flavoured fat goose honourably for his supper, besides bottles of ale, bottles of ginger-pop, and a fair-earned half-crown. That was through his not being inquisitive, and he was not going to be inquisitive now, knowing me for a gentleman: my master had tipped him half-a-crown.

Fortunately for him, and perhaps for my liberty, he employed a verb marvellously enlightning to a schoolboy. I tipped him another half-crown. He thanked me, observing that there were days when you lay on your

back and the sky rained apples; while there were other days when you wore your fingers down to the first joint to catch a flea. Such was Fortune!

In a friendly manner he advised me to go to school; if not there, then to go home. My idea, which I had only partly conceived, was to have a look at Riversley over a hedge, kiss my aunt Dorothy unawares, and fly subsequently in search of my father. Breakfast, however, was my immediate thought. He and the girl sat down to breakfast at the inn as my guests. We ate mutton-chops and eggs, and drank coffee. After it, though I had no suspicions, I noticed that the man grew thoughtful. He proposed to me, supposing I had no objection against slow travelling, to join company for a couple of days, if I was for Hampshire, which I stated was the county I meant to visit.

"Well then, here now, come along; d'ye see, look," said he, "I mustn't be pounced on, and no missing young gentleman in my society, and me took half-a-crown for his absence; that won't do. You get on pretty well with the gal, and that's a screaming farce: none of us do. Lord! she looks down on such scum as us. She's gipsy blood, true sort; everything's sausages that gets into their pockets, no matter what it was when it was out. Well then, now, here, you and the gal go t'other side o' Bed'lm'ing, and you wait for us on the heath; and we'll be there to comfort ye 'fore dark. Is it a fister?"

He held out his hand; I agreed; and he remarked that he now counted a breakfast in the list of his gains from never asking questions.

I was glad enough to quit the village in a hurry, for the driver of the geese, or a man dreadfully resembling him, passed me near the public-house, and attacked my conscience on the cowardly side, which is, I fear, the first to awaken and always the liveliest half while we are undisciplined. I would have paid him money, but the idea of a conversation with him indicated the road back to school. My companion related her history. She belonged to a Hampshire gipsy tribe, and had been on a visit to a relative down in the east counties, who died on the road, leaving her to be brought home by these tramps; she called them mumpers, and made faces when she spoke of them. Gipsies, she said, were a different sort; gipsies camped in gentlemen's parks; gipsies, horses, fiddles, and the wide world—that was what she liked. The wide world she described as a heath, where you looked and never saw the end of it. I let her talk on. For me to talk of my affairs to a girl without bonnet and boots would have been absurd. Otherwise, her society pleased me: she was so like a boy, and unlike any boy I knew.

My mental occupation on the road was to calculate how many hill-tops I should climb before I beheld Riversley. The Sunday bells sounded homely from village to village as soon as I was convinced that I heard no bells summoning boarders at Rippenger's school. The shops in the villages continued shut: however, I told the girl they should pay me for it next day, and we had an interesting topic in discussing as to the various

things we would buy. She was for bright ribbons and draper's stuff, I for pastry and letter-paper. The smell of people's dinners united our appetites. Going through a village I saw a man carrying a great baked pie smelling overpoweringly, so that to ask him his price for it was a natural impulse with me. "What! sell my Sunday dinner," he said; and appeared ready to drop the dish. Nothing stopped his staring until we had finished a plateful a-piece and some beer in his cottage among his family. He wanted to take me in alone. "She's a common tramp," he said of the girl.

"That's a lie," she answered.

Of course I would not leave her hungry outside, so in the end he reluctantly invited us both, and introduced us to his wife.

"Here's a young gentleman asks a bit o' dinner, and a young I-d-n-know-what's after the same; I leaves it to you, missus."

His wife took it off his shoulders in good humour, saying it was lucky she made the pie big enough for her family and strays. They would not accept more than a shilling for our joint repast. The man said that was the account to a farthing, if I was too proud to be a poor man's guest, and insisted on treating him like a public. Perhaps I would shake hands at parting? I did cordially, and remembered him when people were not so civil. They wanted to know whether we had made a runaway match of it. The fun of passing a boys'-school and hearing the usher threaten to punish one fellow for straying from ranks, entertained me immensely. I laughed at them just as the stupid people we met laughed at me, which was unpleasant for the time; but I knew there was not a single boy who would not have changed places with me, only give him the chance, though my companion was a gipsy girl, and she certainly did look odd company for a gentleman's son in a tea-garden and public-house parlour. At nightfall, however, I was glad of her and she of me, and we walked hand in hand. I narrated tales of Roman history. It was very well for her to say, "I'll mother you," as we lay down to sleep; I discovered that she would never have hooted over churchyard graves in the night. She confessed she believed the devil went about in the night. Our bed was a cart under a shed, our bed-clothes fern-leaves and armfuls of straw. The shafts of the cart were down, so we lay between upright and level, and awakening in the early light I found our four legs hanging over the seat in front. "How you have been kicking!" said I. She accused me of the same. Next minute she pointed over the side of the cart, and I saw the tramp's horse and his tents beneath a broad roadside oak-tree. Her face was comical, just like a boy's who thinks he has escaped and is caught. "Let's run," she said. Preferring positive independence, I followed her, and then she told me that she had overheard the tramp last night swearing I was as good as a fistful of half-crowns lost to him if he missed me. The image of Rippenger's school overshadowed me at this communication. With some melancholy I said: "You'll join your friends, won't you?"

She snapped her fingers: "Mumpers!" and walked on carelessly.

We were now on the great heaths. They brought the memory of my father vividly; the smell of the air half inclined me to turn my steps towards London, I grew so full of longing for him. Nevertheless I resolved to have one gaze at Riversley, my aunt Dorothy, and Sewis, the old grey-brown butler, and the lamb that had grown a sheep; wonderful contrasts to my grand kings of England career. My first clear recollection of Riversley was here, like an outline of a hill seen miles away. I might have shed a tear or two out of love for my father, had not the thought that I was a very queer boy displaced his image. I could not but be a very queer boy, such a lot of things happened to me. Suppose I joined the gipsies? My companion wished me to. She had brothers horse-dealers, beautiful fiddlers. Suppose I learnt the fiddle? Suppose I learnt their language and went about with them and became king of the gipsies? My companion shook her head; she could not encourage this ambitious idea because she had never heard of a king of the gipsies or a queen either. "We fool people," she said, and offended me, for our school believed in a gipsy king, and one fellow, Hackman, used to sing a song of a gipsy king; and it was as much as to say that my schoolfellows were fools, every one of them. I accused her of telling lies. She grinned angrily. "I don't tell 'em to friends," she said. We had a quarrel. The truth was, I was enraged at the sweeping out of my prospects of rising to distinction among the gipsies. After breakfast at an inn, where a waiter laughed at us to our faces, and we fed scowling, shy, and hungry, we had another quarrel. I informed her of my opinion that gipsies could not tell fortunes.

"They can, and you come to my mother and my aunt, and see if they can't tell your fortune," said she, in a fury.

"Yes, and that's how they fool people," said I. I enjoyed seeing the flash of her teeth. But my daring of her to look me in the eyes and swear on her oath she believed the fortunes true ones, sent her into a fit of sullenness.

"Go along, you nasty little fellow, your shadow isn't half a yard," she said, and I could smile at that; my shadow stretched half across the road. We had a quarrelsome day wherever we went; rarely walking close together till nightfall, when she edged up to my hand, with, "I say, I'll keep you warm to-night, I will." She hugged me almost too tight, but it was warm and social, and helped to the triumph of a feeling I had that nothing made me regret running away from Rippenger's school.

An adventure befell us in the night. A farmer's wife, whom we asked for a drink of water after dark, lent us an old blanket to cover us in a dry ditch on receiving our promise not to rob the orchard. An old beggar came limping by us, and wanted to share our covering. My companion sunk right under the blanket to peer at him through one of its holes. He stood enormous above me in the moonlight, like an apparition touching earth and sky.

"Cold cold," he whined: "there's ne'er a worse off but there's a better off. Young 'un!" His words dispersed the fancy that he was something horrible, or else my father in disguise going to throw off his rags, and shine, and say he had found me. "Are ye one, or are ye two?" he asked.

I replied that we were two.

"Then I'll come and lie in the middle," said he.

"You can't; there's no room," I sang out.

"Lord," said he, "there's room for any reckoning o' empty stomachs in a ditch."

"No, I prefer to be alone: good-night," said I.

"Why!" he exclaimed, "where ha' you been t' learn language? Halloo!"

"Please, leave me alone; it's my intention to go to sleep," I said, vexed at having to conciliate him; he had a big stick.

"Oho!" went the beggar. Then he recommenced:—

"Tell me you've stole nothing in your life! You've stole a gentleman's tongue, I knows the ring o' that. How comes you out here? Who's your mate there down below? Now, see, I'm goin' to lift my stick."

At these menacing words the girl jumped out of the blanket, and I called to him that I would rouse the farmer.

"Why . . . because I'm goin' to knock down a apple or two on your head?" he inquired, in a tone of reproach. "It's a young woman you've got there, eh? Well, odd grows odder, like the man who turned three shillings into five. Now, you gi' me a lie under your blanket, I'll knock down a apple a-piece. If ever you've tasted gin, you'll say a apple at night's a cordial, though it don't intoxicate."

The girl whispered in my ear, "He's lame as ducks." Her meaning seized me at once; we both sprang out of the ditch and ran, dragging our blanket behind us. He pursued, but we eluded him, and dropped on a quiet sleeping-place among furzes. Next morning, when we took the blanket to the farm-house, we heard that the old wretch had traduced our characters, and got a breakfast through charging us with the robbery of the apple-tree. I proved our innocence to the farmer's wife by putting down a shilling. The sight of it satisfied her. She combed my hair, brought me a bowl of water and a towel, and then gave us a bowl of milk and bread, and dismissed us, telling me I had a fair face and dare-devil written on it: as for the girl, she said of her that she knew gipsies at a glance, and what God Almighty made them for there was no guessing. This set me thinking all through the day, "What can they have been made for?" I bought a red scarf for the girl, and other things she fixed her eyes on, but I lost a great deal of my feeling of fellowship with her. "I dare say they were made for fun," I thought, when people laughed at us now, and I laughed also. I had a day of rollicking laughter, puzzling the girl, who could only grin two or three seconds at a time, and

then stared like a dog that waits for his master to send him off again running, the corners of her mouth twitching for me to laugh or speak, exactly as a dog might wag his tail. I studied her in the light of a harmless sort of unaccountable creature; witness at any rate for the fact that I had escaped from school.

We loitered half the morning round a cricketer's booth in a field, where there was moderately good cricketing. The people thought it of first-rate quality. I told them I knew a fellow who could bowl out either eleven in an hour and a half. One of the men frightened me by saying, "By Gearge! I'll in with you into a gig, and off with you after that ther' faller." He pretended to mean it, and started up. I watched him without flinching. He remarked that if I "had not cut my lucky from school, and tossed my cap for a free life, he was——" whatever may be expressed by a slap on the thigh. We played a single-wicket side-game, he giving me six runs, and crestfallen he was to find himself beaten; but, as I let him know, one who had bowled to Heriot for hours and stood against Saddlebank's bowling, was a tough customer, never mind his age.

This man offered me his friendship. He made me sit and eat beside him at the afternoon dinner of the elevens, and sent platefuls of food to the girl, where she was allowed to squat; and said he, "You and I'll tie a knot, and be friends for life."

I replied, "With pleasure."

We nodded over a glass of ale. In answer to his questions, I stated that I liked farms, I would come and see his farm, I would stay with him two or three days, I would give him my address if I had one, I was on my way to have a look at Riversley Grange.

"Hey!" says he, "Riversley Grange! Well, to be sure now! I'm a tenant of Squire Beltham's, and a right sort of landlord, too."

"Oh!" says I, "he's my grandfather, but I don't care much about him."

"Lord!" says he. "What! be you the little boy, why, Master Harry Richmond that was carried off in the night, and the old squire shut up doors for a fortnight, and made out you was gone in a hearse! Why, I know all about you, you see. And back you are, hurrah! The squire'll be hearty, that he will. We've noticed a change in him ever since you left. Gout's been at his leg, off and on, a deal shrewder. But he rides to hounds, and dines his tenants still, that he does; he's one o' th' old style. Everything you eat and drink's off his estate, the day he dines his tenants. No humbug 'bout old Squire Beltham."

I asked him if Sewis was alive.

"Why, old Sewis," says he, "you're acquainted with old Sewis? Why, of course you are. Yes, old Sewis's alive, Master Harry. And you bet me at single-wicket! That'll be something to relate to 'em all. By Gearge, if I didn't think I'd got a nettle in my fist when I saw you pitch into my stumps. Dash it! thinks I. But th' old squire'll be proud

of you, that he will. My farm lies three mile away. You look at a crow flying due south-east five minutes from Riversley, and he's over Throckham farm, and there I'll drive ye to-night, and to-morrow, clean and tidy out o' my wife's soap and water, straight to Riversley. Done, eh? My name's Eckerthy. No matter where you comes from, here you are, eh, Master Harry? And I see you last time in a donkey-basket, and here you come in breeches and defy me to single-wicket, and you bet me too!"

He laughed for jollity. An extraordinary number of emotions had possession of me; the most intelligible one being a restless vexation at myself, as the principal person concerned, for not experiencing anything like the farmer's happiness. I preferred a gipsy life to Riversley. Gipsies were on the road, and the road led to my father. I endeavoured to explain to Farmer Eckerthy that I was travelling in this direction merely to have a short look at Riversley; but it was impossible; he could not understand me. The more I tried, the more he pressed me to finish my glass of ale, which had nothing to do with it. I drank, nevertheless, and I suppose said many funny things in my anxiety that the farmer should know what I meant: he laughed enough.

While he was fielding against the opposite eleven, the tramp came into the booth, and we had a match of cunning.

"Schoolmaster's out after you, young gentleman," said he, advising me to hurry along the road if I sought to baffle pursuit.

I pretended alarm, and then said, "Oh, you'll stand by me," and treated him to ale.

He assured me I left as many tracks behind as if I went spilling a box of lucifer-matches. He was always for my hastening on until I ordered fresh ale for him. The girl and he grimaced at one another in contempt. So we remained seeing the game out. By the time the game ended, the tramp had drunk numbers of glasses of ale.

"A fine-flavoured fat goose," he counted his gains since the commencement of our acquaintance, "bottles of ale and ginger-pop, two half-crowns, more ale, and more to follow, let's hope. You only stick to your friends, young gentleman, won't you, sir? It's a hard case for a poor man like me if you don't. We an't got such chances every morning of our lives. Do you perceive, sir? I request you to inform me, do you perceive, sir? I'm muddled a bit, sir, but a man must look after his interests."

I perceived he was so muddled as to be unable to conceal that his interests were involved in my capture; but I was merry too. Farmer Eckerthy dealt the tramp a scattering slap on the back when he returned to the booth, elated at having beaten the enemy by a single run.

"Master Harry Richmond go to Riversley to his grandfather in your company, you scoundrel!" he cried in a rage, after listening to him. "I mean to drive him over. It's a comfortable ten-mile, and no more. But I say, Master Harry, what do you say to a peck o' supper?"

He communicated to me confidentially that he did not like to seem to slink away from the others, who had made up their minds to stop and sup; so we would drive home by moonlight, singing songs. And so we did. I sat beside the farmer, the girl scrambled into the hinder-part of the cart, and the tramp stood moaning, "Oh dear! oh dear! you goes away to Riversley without your best friend."

I tossed him a shilling. We sang beginnings and ends of songs. The farmer looked at the moon, and said, "Lord! she stares at us!" Then he sang:—

"The moon is shining on Latworth lea,
And where'll she see such a jovial three
As we, boys, we? And why is she pale?
It's because she drinks water instead of ale.

Where's the remainder? There's the song!—

Oh! handsome Miss Gammon
Has married Lord Mammon,
And jilted her suitors,
All Cupid's sharpshooters,
And gone in a carriage
And six to her marriage,

Singing hey! for I've landed my salmon, my salmon!

Where's the remainder? I heard it th' only time I ever was in London town, never rested till I'd learnt it, and now it's clean gone. What's come to me?"

He sang to "Mary of Ellingmere" and another maid of some place, and a loud song of Britons.

It was startling to me to wake up to twilight in the open air and silence, for I was unaware that I had fallen asleep. The girl had roused me, and we crept down from the cart. Horse and farmer were quite motionless in a green hollow beside the roadway. Looking across fields and fir plantations, I beheld a house in the strange light of the hour, and my heart began beating; but I was overcome with shyness, and said to myself, "No, no, that's not Riversley; I'm sure it isn't;" though the certainty of it was, in my teeth, refuting me. I ran down the fields to the park and the bright little river, and gazed. When I could say, "Yes, it is Riversley!" I turned away, hurt even to a sense of smarting pain, without knowing the cause. I daresay it is true, as the girl declared subsequently, that I behaved like one in a fit. I dropped, and I may have rolled my body and cried. An indefinite resentment at Riversley was the feeling I grew conscious of after very fast walking. I would not have accepted breakfast there.

About midday, crossing a stubble-field, the girl met a couple of her people—men. Near evening we entered one of their tents. The women set up a cry, "Kiomi! Kiomi!" like a rising rookery. Their eyes and teeth made such a flashing as when you dabble a hand in a dark waterpool. The strange tongue they talked, with a kind of peck of the voice at a word,

rapid, never high or low, and then a slide of similar tones all round,—not musical, but catching, and incessant,—gave me an idea that I had fallen upon a society of birds, exceedingly curious ones. They welcomed me kindly, each of them looking me in the face a bright second or so. I had two helps from a splendid pot of broth that hung over a fire in the middle of the tent.

Kiomi was my companion's name. She had sisters Adeline and Eveleen, and brothers Osric and William, and she had a cousin a prize-fighter. "That's what I'll be," said I. Fiddling for money was not a prospect that charmed me, though it was pleasant lying in Kiomi's arms to hear Osric play us off to sleep; it was like floating down one of a number of visible rivers; I could see them converging and breaking away while I floated smoothly, and a wonderful fair country nodded drowsy. From that to cock-crow at a stride. Sleep was no more than the passage through the arch of a canal. Kiomi and I were on the heath before sunrise, jumping gravel-pits, chasing sandpipers, mimicking pewits; it seemed to me I had only just heard the last of Osric's fiddle when yellow colour filled in along the sky over Riversley. The curious dark thrill of the fiddle in the tent by night seemed close up behind the sun, and my quiet fancies as I lay dropping to sleep, followed me like unobtrusive shadows during daylight, or, to speak truthfully, till about dinner-time, when I thought of nothing but the great stew-pot. We fed on plenty; nicer food than Rippenger's, minus puddings. After dinner I was ready for mischief. My sensations on seeing Kiomi beg of a gentleman were remarkable. I reproached her. She showed me sixpence shining in the palm of her hand. I gave her a shilling to keep her from it. She had now got one and sixpence, she said, meaning, I supposed, upon reflection, that her begging had produced that sum, and therefore it was a good thing. The money remaining in my pocket amounted to five shillings and a penny. I offered it to Kiomi's mother, who refused to accept it; so did the father, and Osric also. I might think of them, they observed, on my return to my own house: they pointed towards Riversley. "No," said I, "I shan't go there, you may be sure." The women grinned and the men yawned. The business of the men appeared to be to set to work about everything as if they had a fire inside them, and then to stretch out their legs and lie on their backs, exactly as if the fire had gone out. Excepting Osric's practice on the fiddle, and the father's bringing in and leading away of horses, they did little work in my sight but brown themselves in the sun. One morning Osric's brother came to our camp with their cousin the prizefighter, a young man of lighter complexion, upon whom I gazed, remembering John Thresher's reverence for the heroic profession. Kiomi whispered some story concerning her brother having met the tramp. I did not listen; I was full of a tempest, owing to two causes: a studious admiration of the smart young prizefighter's person, and wrathful disgust at him for calling Kiomi his wife, and telling her he was prepared to marry her as soon as she played her

harp like King David. The intense folly of his asking a girl to play like David made me despise him, but he was splendidly handsome and strong, and to see him put on the gloves for a spar with big William, Kiomi's brother, and evade and ward the huge blows, would have been a treat to others besides old John of Dipwell farm. He had the agile grace of a leopard; his waistcoat reminded me of one; he was like a piece of machinery in free action. Pleased by my enthusiasm, he gave me a lesson, promising me more.

"He'll be champion some day," said Kiomi, at gnaw upon an apple he had given her.

I knocked the apple on the ground and stamped on it. She slapped my cheek. In a minute she stood in a ring. I beheld the girl actually squaring at me.

"Fight away," I said, to conceal my shame, and imagining I could slip from her hits as easily as the prizefighter did from big William's. I was mistaken.

"Oh! you think I can't defend myself," said Kiomi, and rushed in with one, two, quick as a cat and cool as a statue.

"Fight, my merry one; she takes punishment," the prizefighter sung out; "first blood to you, Kiomi; uncork his claret, my duck; straight at the nozzle, he sees more lamps than shine in London, I warrant. Make him lively, cook him; tell him who taught you; a downer to him, and I'll marry you to-morrow!"

I conceived a fury against her as though she had injured me by appearing the man's property; and I was getting the worst of it; her little fists shot straight and hard as bars of iron; she liked fighting; she was at least my match. To avoid the disgrace of seriously striking her, or of being beaten at an open exchange of blows, I made a feint, and caught her by the waist and threw her, not very neatly, for I fell myself in her grip. They had to pluck her from me by force.

"And you've gone a course of tuition in wrestling, squire," the prizefighter said to me, rather savagely.

The others were cordial and did not snarl at me for going to the ropes, as he called it. Kiomi desired to renew the conflict. I said aloud:

"I never fight girls, and I tell you I don't like their licking me."

"Then you come down to the river and wash your face," said she, and pulled me by the fingers, and when she had washed my face clear of blood, kissed me. I thought she tasted of the prizefighter.

Late in the afternoon Osric proposed that he and I and the prizefighter should take a walk. I stipulated for Kiomi to be of the party, which was allowed, and the gipsy-women shook my hand as though I had been departing on a long expedition, entreating me not to forget them, and never to think evil of poor gipsy-folk.

"Why, I mean to stay with you," said I.

They grinned delightedly, and said I must be back to see them break up camp in the evening. Every two or three minutes Kiomi nudged my

elbow and pointed behind, where I saw the women waving their coloured neckerchiefs. Out of sight of our tents we came in view of the tramp. Kiomi said "Hide." I dived into a furze dell. The tramp approached, calling out for news of me. Now at Rippenger's school, thanks to Heriot, lying was not the fashion; still I had heard boys lie, and they can let it out of their mouths like a fish, so lively, simple, and solid, that you could fancy a master had asked them for it and they answered, "There it is." But boys cannot lie in one key spontaneously, a number of them to the same effect, as my friends here did. I was off, they said; all swung round to signify the direction of my steps; my plans were hinted at; particulars were not stated on the plea that there should be no tellings; it was remarked that I ought to have fair play and 'law.' Kiomi said she hoped he would not catch me. The tramp winced with vexation, and the gipsies chaffed him. I thanked them in my heart for their loyal conduct. Creeping under cover of the dell I passed round to the road over a knoll of firs as quick as my feet could carry me, and had just cried, "Now I'm safe;" when a lady stepping from a carriage on the road, caught me in her arms and hugged me blind. It was my aunt Dorothy.

The Western Pyrenees.

"THE Western Pyrenees" is perhaps the most correct, but at any rate the most convenient, general title for that continuation of the Pyrenean chain which, under various names—Sierra de Aralar, Montañas de Burgos, Cantabrian and Asturian Pyrenees, &c.—stretches across the north of Spain in a line parallel to the shore of the Bay of Biscay. It is to the Pyrenees proper very much what the Alps of the Tyrol, Styria, and Carinthia are to the Swiss and Savoy Alps. In common parlance "the Alps" used to mean that portion of the Alps that lies between the parallels of Geneva and Lucerne. In process of time the Bernina and the Dauphiné mountains came to be included within the term, and now the highest authority on Alpine geography, Mr. Ball, has extended it so far that it takes in all up to the Hungarian frontier. It will be no doubt long before a book like his *Guide to the Eastern Alps* is demanded for the Western Pyrenees; but, in the meantime, such an humble pioneer as a paperful of stray notes on this remote and little known region may not be amiss. For, in truth, of all the nooks and corners of Europe there is scarcely one which has been so rarely visited by travellers, and about which so little is known, as the north-west of Spain. Spanish tourists have almost invariably left it unnoticed. We have had plenty of views and impressions and descriptions from Andalusia, and not a few from the Castiles, Valencia, and Catalonia, but the region of the Asturias, Galicia, and Leon remains almost a *terra incognita*. The ubiquitous Ford, of course, penetrated into most of its valleys, but few others have bestowed a glance upon it; and the few who have,—Sonthey and Townsend in the last century, and Lord Carnarvon and Borrow in this,—have contented themselves with a mere glance. And yet, hidden away among its mountains, is some of the finest scenery in Spain, and scenery, too, of the very sort the want of which is so bitterly complained of by almost every traveller who undertakes to describe Spain. "Of all the dry, bare, barren, ugly countries I have ever visited in the course of my travels, Northern Spain in autumn must be put at the top of the list." So says Mr. Sclater in *Vacation Tourists*, and so say the majority of tourists, autumn or spring, north or south. And it is true of Spain as far as they see it. Physical geography and railway engineers have so arranged it that the track of the tourist in quest of the established lions of Spain lies across some of the most monotonous and lifeless country in Europe, and unless he penetrates into some of the outlying coast-strips or some of the remote mountain districts,

it is very likely that he will return with the impression that Spain may be all very well as a "renowned romantic land," but that in the way of scenery it is by no means the lovely land the poet says it is. One of these, and a reasonably accessible one, is the strip of mountain country I have just mentioned, and he who has found it all barren along the beaten track from Cadiz to Burgos cannot do better than change trains at Miranda junction, and make for the mountains by that most picturesque of lines, the Bilbao railway. The descent to Orduña, about half-way between Miranda and Bilbao, is one of the most striking bits of railway travelling in Europe. As you come sweeping round a sharp curve on the mountain side, the village, or, to give it its legitimate and ancient title, the city of Orduña, is seen far down below. Beyond it there spreads out a rich cultivated plain some three miles wide, circular in shape and walled in by a line of limestone precipices, from the foot of which a steep wooded glacis slopes away to the bottom of the basin. Any one accustomed to the ways of a limestone country will at once see that he has beneath him the bed of an ancient lake, even though he may not perceive the corroborative evidence of the little stream of the Nervion issuing from the opposite cliff and winding its way across the plain, to make its exit by the narrow valley below him. But what he will not at once see is, in the first place, what business a railway has at all in such a *cul de sac*; in the next, how it is to get out of it; and, finally, how Orduña, which is put down in the *Guia Oficial* as a station, and looks from this about as accessible as Chamouni does from the Grands Mulets, is to be reached by any means except a parachute. But the train has been performing such extraordinary feats, and getting out of difficulties in such a masterly manner, ever since leaving Miranda, that it is impossible not to feel entire confidence in it. It treats Orduña precisely as a skilful disputant does an argument which he is not at the moment prepared to meet. It pretends, at first, not to see the place, or else to think it not worth stopping for; but about twenty minutes afterwards, having made the complete circuit, and gained the requisite level, it draws up at the station, immediately beneath the spot at which it entered the basin. Orduña is worth a halt. The scenery in the neighbourhood, especially at the Barranco de Tortanga to the west of the town, is striking; and, after the dreary steppes of Castile, the bright little plain, with its fruit-trees and maize-fields, is very pleasant to the eye. It is also good head-quarters for any one wanting to explore the Basque country. But the Basque provinces have more interest for the philologist and ethnologist than for the pilgrim in search of the picturesque. Not that they are at all deficient in the picturesque. On the contrary, they—at least, the two northern provinces, Biscay and Guipuscoa—are full of very charming scenery. It is scenery, however, of a kind which rather wants the charm of novelty, to a northern eye at least; and one is apt to feel that it is scarcely worth while coming so far for a sort of thing that may be seen in as great or even greater perfection in Wales or Devonshire. The chain of the Pyrenees, as seen from Pau, or still better from

some elevated point on the south side, such as the Moncayo,* shows a very abrupt falling off in height at the part where it separates Navarre from the Department of the "Basses Pyrenees," and this comparatively low elevation is maintained all along the ridge which runs across the Basque provinces. In compensation for their want of altitude the mountains spread themselves out laterally, and the consequence is a hilly rather than mountainous country, full of winding wooded valleys, but with little of the character that is generally associated with the idea of the Pyrenees. It is not until we reach the source of the Ebro, beyond Reinos, that the chain reassumes its full dignity. There it rises into a lofty mountain mass, which geographically is, perhaps, the most important in Spain. It is the knot which binds the mountain framework of the Peninsula into one system, for it is there that the Pyrenees throw off the branch forming the backbone of Spain, the great Iberian range, as it is sometimes called, which separates the Castiles and Andalusia from Aragon, Catalonia, and Valencia, and the Atlantic slopes and basins from those which discharge their waters into the Mediterranean. From this point westward, as far as the borders of Galicia, a distance of about 150 miles, the western Pyrenees have all the features of the eastern portion of the range. They are, indeed, less lofty, reaching the line of perpetual snow in one or two spots only; but they have all the cragginess of outline and endless variety of peak-forms characteristic of their better known neighbours, and the valleys which descend from them, at least those on the northern side, have that deep-cut ravine-like formation which is so peculiar to Pyrenean scenery.

The "well-girt horseman" to whom Ford so frequently alludes in *The Handbook*, might, no doubt, make his way straight across the mountains from Orduña, but in Spain very often the longest way round is the shortest

* The Moncayo, the Mons Calvus of Martial, to the south of Tudela, commands the finest panoramic view of the Pyrenees on either side of the chain, and certainly one of the very finest panoramic views in Europe. From the mountains beyond Pamplona on the west, to the snowy mass of the Maladetta on the east, a stretch of nearly 150 miles, the whole range is clearly in view. It should be seen in the early morning, when the south side is still in shadow, and the outline shows in silhouette against the bright sky, so clearly defined, that a telescope is hardly necessary to make out notches so small as the Brèche de Roland and the Fausse Brèche. Then, as the sun ascends, and the light falls upon the southern slopes, the snow upon the summits from the Vignemale to the Maladetta begins to show itself. The mention of the Moncayo reminds me of a duty. English tourists have quite enough sins of their own to answer for, without being saddled with those of others. Mr. Street, in his delightful *Gothic Architecture in Spain*, and the new edition of *The Handbook for Spain*, charge a party of English tourists with defacing one of the pillars of the Chapter House in the cloisters of the noble old abbey of Veruela, at the foot of the mountain, by carving their names, with an account of their ascent of the Moncayo to witness the eclipse of 1860. This, I am happy to say, is a mistake. The inscription in question is Spanish handiwork. Furthermore I learned that there was no English party on the Moncayo on that occasion. One Englishman did certainly make the ascent, but he was Mr. Packe, the author of the *Guide to the Pyrenees*; and I need not say, his initials will not be found published in such a manner.

in the end, and in this case unquestionably both the shortest and pleasantest way is by the railway down the beautiful valley of the Nervion to Bilbao, thence by coach or steamer to Santander, and thence by rail and coach to Potes, in the mountain district of the Liébana. At the station of Torre la Vega, on the Santander and Palencia line, the railway is exchanged for one of those rough and ready vehicles which carry on the branch traffic, wherever there is a branch traffic, in Spain; and by this means the traveller is conveyed mountainwards through a country as unlike the Spain of the books of travel as a country well could be—a fresh, green, cheery country, well wooded and well watered. A little to the right of the road is the town which Le Sage has made famous for all time by the introduction of its name into the title-page and first sentence of *Gil Blas*. Santillana has, however, a better title to fame in being the town of the Mendozas, the most illustrious of all the illustrious families of Spain—so says no less an authority than Lope de Vega—a family of warriors, statesmen, and men of letters, and richer, probably, in examples of hereditary genius than any other in all history. But we are here in the very nursery of Spanish nobility. As Lope says:—

Para noble nacimiento
Ay en España tres partes,
Galicia, Vizcaya, Asturias,
O ya montañas le llaman :

and, as a matter of fact, a vast majority of the great houses and great men of Spain trace their origin to this strip of mountain country extending from Navarre to the Atlantic. This very Santillana district has produced another family scarcely less famous in Spanish history than the Mendozas, that whose crowning glory is the soldier-poet Garcilasso de la Vega;* and on the opposite side of the chain, in the lateral valleys which descend to the Ebro or the Duero, are to be found the roots of most of the most noble and wide-spreading family-trees in Spain. Even the modern map testifies to the fact in showing, thick-strewn, historical names like Bivar, Saldaña, Carpio, Carrion, Haro, Aguilar. The Guzmans and the Ponces de Leon, themselves founders of families enough to stock a realm, had their original seats in the wild mountain region north of Leon. The Manriques, the Pachecos, the Velascos, came from the adjoining highland country to the east. The quality of this mountain race is shown even more strongly in literature. All the great names in the noble literature of Spain are those of men descended from ancient families in the western Pyrenees. Cervantes was of a family that for centuries had held estates in the neighbourhood of Lugo, in Galicia. The casa solar of

* According to the ballad in the *Guerras Civiles de Granada*, the family name of La Vega was won on the Vega of Granada, by an ancestor of the poet's. Ticknor, however, shows that the tradition is more than doubtful. The family estates were situated on the banks of the river Besaya, and no doubt the Vega from which the family name was taken is the same as that which appears in the name of the neighbouring town of Torre la Vega.

the family of Lope de Vega was in the Carriedo valley, among the mountains south of Santander; and from the very same valley came his great rival, Calderon de la Barca. The family of Quevedo belonged to the other side of the chain; to the Pisuerga valley, it would seem from a sonnet addressed to him by Lope de Vega. I have already mentioned Garcilasso de la Vega; and the family of the Mendozas includes the names of the Marquis of Santillana and Diego Hurtado de Mendoza. Here we have in one cluster all the greatest names of the greatest period in Spanish literature; and if to these we add the name of Camoens, who, though Portuguese by birth, was a Galician by descent, we may say the literature of the entire Peninsula owes its greatest glories to these north-western mountains. But this is not all. When under the wise rule of Charles III., the "torpid mass" of Spain began to show signs that national life was not yet wholly extinct; foremost in the revival movement were the men of the north-west. Jovellanos, one of the few able, and at the same time patriotic and unselfish ministers Spain has been blessed with, the Moratins, Cadalso, Samaniego—all of them of the "old mountain families of the north," to use Ticknor's phrase—were the most earnest labourers in the gallant attempt to restore the self-respect of the nation. No wonder those Spaniards, who could trace their descent up to this region, have always shown themselves proud of their mountain origin. Supposing Wales had produced the great majority of our historical families, the oldest half of the peerage, about a third of our famous men, and very nearly all those in the front rank of our literature, who would deny a Welshman's right to boast of his blood? The feeling breaks out in Cervantes, Quevedo, and Lope de Vega. They all held the theory, advanced by Doña Rodriguez in *Don Quixote*, that he who was a mountaineer was as good a gentleman as the king—"Hidalgo como el Rey, porque era montañés." The superiority of race in those north-western provinces is, however, no matter of accident. It is as much an effect due to a certain cause as any of the results of natural selection, or the struggle for existence, cited by Darwin. The part which mountains play in the economy of the world is not limited to the domain of physical nature only. They aid individual effort in the struggle against numbers and brute force, and thus, while they are the prime sources of fertility to the soil, they are also the reservoirs of energy and independence to the nation. Such, from the very earliest times, the Western Pyrenees have been to Spain. In each of the successive conquests of Spain they were the retreat of those who would not yield to the conqueror. They were the home of that resolute antagonist of the Roman power, whose obstinacy is so frequent a theme with Horace,

The Cantabrian fell,
Whom all our triumphs cannot quell;

and in later times, after the fatal battle of the Guadalete, they became the asylum of those of the Goths who were too proud to stomach

subjection to Arab rule, mild and tolerant as that rule seems to have been ; and who, under Pelayo, first stemmed the tide of Moslem invasion that threatened all Europe. Here we have the very conditions for producing a superior breed of men : a hardy and indomitable native stock, reinforced by the noblest and most chivalrous of a higher and more civilized race.

But our present business is not with the men of the mountains but with the mountains themselves. The road towards them from Torre la Vega runs parallel to the coast past Vicente de la Barquera, as far as Tiña Mayor, one of the many tiñas or estuaries that indent the shore of the Bay of Biscay at this part. Here it turns sharp to the left and runs southwards up the beautiful valley of the Deva. The lower part of the Deva valley has something of the Devonshire character, with, in the neighbourhood of Tiña Mayor, certain resemblances to the Trossachs end of Loch Katrine, but the scenery becomes more and more Pyrenean as the road rises to the mountains. A little above the village of Panes, the Cares river comes down through a deep gorge on the right to join the Deva, while the Deva itself is seen issuing from another still deeper in front. Up the former lies the way into the Asturias by the Cangas valley : through the latter runs the road to Potes and the Liébana. This Liébana district, or "Forest of the Liébana," as it is sometimes called, is one of the most secluded nooks in Spain, so out-of-the-way that gazetteers and geographical dictionaries generally ignore its existence, and Ford only gives it a passing mention ; a few words of topographical description, therefore, will not be thrown away. It is the extreme western corner of what used to be called the Asturias of Santillana, but now is the province of Santander, and is a group of four valleys, or, more correctly, a main valley with three branches, the whole forming a triangular-shaped basin walled in by high mountains. The base of the triangle is formed by the main chain of the Pyrenees, containing, among other summits, the Peña Prieta and the Peña Labra, on the south side of which the Ebro has its source. The sides are, on the north-east a lofty spur projecting from the Peña Labra, and on the north-west the noble range of the Picos de Europa.

Between the two last named, at the apex of the triangle, is the gorge above mentioned through which the Deva works its way. This, after the Picos de Europa, is the most striking feature in the scenery of the Liébana, and indeed would be a striking feature in any country however grand the scenery might be. There is certainly nothing like it in the Eastern Pyrenees, and in the Alps the only things that can be compared with it are the Gorge of Gondo on the Simplon road or the Via Mala. Like these it is a deep trench cut by river action through a huge barrier of limestone mountain. It has not, perhaps, the gloomy grandeur of either, but it surpasses them both in variety. Every eccentricity that limestone rock is capable of is here freely indulged in. Spires, turrets, towers, castles, elephants and castles, Saracens' heads, all sorts of fan-

tastic shapes overhang the road right and left. The river too (and, as a necessary consequence, the road which has perforce to follow its windings) twists and turns so wilfully in its course that at every hundred yards a new view opens, and the passage of the defile is like the unrolling of a panorama. In some places the walls of rock rise up bare and precipitous from the river bed, leaving only a narrow strip of sky visible between their jagged tops; in others they are enlivened by little patches of greenery nestling among the crags; and here and there they are broken by a steep lateral ravine, sending down a glittering cascade that seems to promise an inevitable douche to the daring traveller should he persist in advancing.* In the mouth of one of these, about half-way up the pass, are the baths of La Hermida, which have some reputation in these parts for efficacy in rheumatic cases, and certainly if solitude and seclusion from the world have anything to do with the cure of rheumatism, they ought to be effective. I don't know how far this Val de Cillorigo—to give it its local name—would hold its own as a natural wonder if fairly put in competition with the more celebrated gorges of the Alps. It may be that after the Saharan scenery of central Spain, its boldness and beauty make a livelier impression on the eye and mind than they are justly entitled to make. In one respect, however, it unquestionably distances all rivals among the gorges and defiles of the Alps. It is about as long again as all of them put together. In the *Diccionario Geografico* of Pascual Madoz, the length is stated as being more than three leagues, and I feel pretty sure, if the bends could only be straightened out, it would be found very little short of fifteen miles from end to end. Through a narrow gateway of rock, so narrow that road and river have just room to pass, and not an inch to spare, you enter at once upon the basin of the Liébana. The Deva no longer frets and boils pent in a confined channel, but comes down a broad rippling stream meandering through open pastures dotted with noble chestnuts, and beyond it the Picos de Europa rise up, a magnificent array of pale blue pinnacles flecked with snow. These are the grandest and boldest as well as the loftiest of all the mountains west of the Hautes Pyrénées. The height of their highest point, and, indeed, which of two or three rival points is actually the highest, are still open questions; for in Spain orography, like many other branches of knowledge, is in a backward state. According to the figures on Coello's map, the height would be about 8,700 English feet: according to those in the latest edition of Malte-Brun, about 9,600, which last I suspect to be nearer the truth. As Southey says in *Roderick*,—

Upon Europa's summit, the snows
Through all revolving seasons hold their seat:

* At certain seasons much worse might befall him. Last Spring, an avalanche is reported to have fallen, of such magnitude, that it choked up the gorge, and for some days cut off the Liébana from the rest of the world.

not, indeed, in very large masses, but still in greater quantity than could be expected in this latitude on a mountain of the height given by Coello.* Be the height, however, what it may, the group of the Picos de Europa forms a very striking and a very noble object, from whatever point of view it may be seen. In character it rather resembles a bit of scenery in the dolomite district of the South Tyrol. The limestone has not, indeed, that delicate fawn-colour that contrasts so beautifully with the dark green of the pines. It is a very pale blue or grey, fading away sometimes into white, which probably suits the lively green of the beechwoods here much better. But the jagged, serrated crest of the range and the long sharp spindles of rock that shoot up from the higher slopes of the valley have a very decided dolomite flavour. Most people, I imagine, who are familiar with the view of the Monte Civita from Buchenstein would find themselves reminded of it by that of the Picos de Europa from Potes. The village of Potes lies in a nest among steep vine-clad slopes, at the junction of the two upper branches of the valley, the Val de Baro and the Val de Cereceda. It is a pleasant little place, very primitive, very picturesque, and not very dirty. For any one in quest of retirement, a better retreat could hardly be discovered even in Spain. A ring-fence of mighty mountains shelters it on all sides from the storms and commotions of the outer world, and its inner life flows too tranquilly for internal disturbance. There is but one event in its placid day—the arrival of the coach from Torre la Vega with the *Correspondencia* of the day before yesterday; and even then the news of Carlist insurrection or Republican *pronunciamiento* can only raise a passing ripple on the surface of society. In a modest way, too, it offers the recluse little creature comforts such as are not always obtainable in the *dura tellus Iberiæ*. The small toothsome mountain mutton of the Pyrenees is generally to be had, the trout and the eels of the Deva are excellent, and the vineyards in the neighbourhood produce a delightful little Muscatel grape, and also a light red wine of the sort Spaniards call a "*vino clarete*" (no doubt the origin of our word "claret," as most of our wine-titles come from Spain), which, though thin, goes down more gratefully in this climate than many a more pretentious and potent liquid; and then there is—no trifling matter in Spain—at least one clean and decent posada. Time need not hang heavy on the hands. The sportsman will find something to do, though Potes is by no means the best sporting head-quarters in the Western Pyrenees. There are partridges on the hills, and roe-deer (*corsos*) in the woods, and even, I believe, an occasional stag. The chamois or izard, here called the rebecco, is pretty abundant on the higher mountains, and for winter shooting there is no lack of bears and wolves. These animals, however,

* In the latitude of the Pyrenees, the snow-line, or lowest limit of permanent snow, may be roughly put at 9,000 feet. Under favourable circumstances it may be found at a lower level, as on the ledges of the Cirques of Gavarrie and Troumouse; but on the other hand, there are few summits or exposed slopes under 10,000 where it is retained through the summer and autumn.

are more common further on to the west: the Liébana is, I suspect, a district rather too populous and not sufficiently pastoral for their tastes. For the man of the rod, the Deva would be one of the most charming trout-streams in Spain, only that it is next to impossible to fish it. Wherever there is a good pool its banks are sure to be either quite precipitous or thickly-wooded, and in the gorge of the Cillorigo, where the best fishing is to be found, it is work of a very break-neck character. The trout, which, when you can get at them, rise freely enough, are not large, seldom exceeding herring-size, and, like all Spanish trout, much less brilliantly coloured than those of the English streams, but in shape and flavour they will bear comparison with any in the world. But it is in walks and excursions that Potes is richest. The branch valleys, especially the two upper ones, the Val de Baro to the west and the Cereceda to the south, are full of the things the artist's soul loves, forest bits among the noble chestnut oak and beech woods, with glimpses of grey crag and gleams of distant snow through the openings, scattered hamlets playing hide and seek among the trees, rickety moss-grown mills hanging over green, shady pools, where the plump trout wag their tails in grave contempt of human snares. Then there is the ascent of La Vierna, a sort of Rigi, rising between these valleys, whose summit commands the entire Liébana and its mountain zone, and there is also the more arduous ascent of the Picos de Europa, or, at least, of some one of them, a long day's work, amply repaid in noble views; with which may be combined a visit to the zinc mines, by far the highest mines in Europe, which lie in a weird basin, like an extinct crater, just under the crest of the range. But the most attractive expedition of all is that to the famous Cave of Covadonga, the holiest of the holy places of Spain; a pilgrimage with glorious scenery and good trout-fishing *en route*. It lies beyond the Picos some five-and-twenty miles west of Potes, and may be got at either by the Val de Baró and Valdeon, or, better still, by retracing the road through the Cillorigo gorge, which cannot be seen too often, and then striking up the glen of the Cares. This is another of those deep-cleft river cuttings so characteristic of a limestone formation, where the stream has been for ages patiently carving for itself a narrow shady bed through the opposing strata. It is on a smaller scale than the Cillorigo, and somewhat less bold and abrupt in its lines, but almost equally rich in wild beauty. Here there is no comfortable macadamized road with neat bridges to help the traveller, nothing but the roughest of mountain paths, scrambling up and down the side of the defile, and in one place, where it becomes necessary to cross the stream, the passage is effected by the primitive contrivance of a tree-trunk, leaning ladderwise against the face of the opposite rock. The little village of Arenas stands at the head of the gorge in a grove of patriarchal chestnut and walnut trees, and beyond it a steep zigzag path leads to the summit of a bare slaty ridge, from which you look down westwards upon the vale of Cangas. Battle-fields in general, it may be observed, have a peculiarly peaceful aspect: it almost seems as though

Mother Earth were eager to repudiate the deeds of men, and sever herself from all associations of bloodshed and violence. The vale of Cangas is no exception to the rule, if rule it can be called. Its broad fields of waving maize, green orchards, cosy farmsteads, long lines of ancient walnuts, through which rises the never-ceasing drone of the heavy bullock-carts plodding their way along the shady lanes—all help to make up a scene of peace and placid life, and tranquil enjoyment of the kindly fruits of the earth. The battle of Cangas, or Covadonga, has not taken rank among the decisive battles of history, and yet it decided more than many that have made a greater noise. In the first place, it decided the question, given up as a foregone conclusion by all except a few resolute spirits, as to the possibility of successful resistance to the arms, discipline, and chivalry of the Arabs. How effectually it destroyed their prestige dates will show. The battle of the Gualdote was fought in 711; by 718, the year of the battle of Cangas, the whole of Spain had been overrun, and had submitted, with the exception of the spot where Pelayo and his followers had their stronghold; and by 722 the city of Leon was the capital of a strong Christian kingdom, that was steadily and sturdily, league by league, winning back Spain from the invader. From that time on the progress of Christian Spain was unchecked. It advanced from the Duero to the Guadarrama Mountains, from the Guadarrama to the Tagus, from the Tagus to the Sierra Morena, until at length Mohamedan Spain was confined to the Vega of Granada and a narrow strip of Mediterranean coast. But the victory at Cangas affected the fate of all western Europe perhaps as much as that of Spain. It is not likely that Notre Dame would now be a mosque, and the Tower of London an Alhambra, though Gibbon seems to consider something of the sort to have been within the range of possibility; but unquestionably the advance of the Arabs into France would have been an enterprise of a very different sort, and probably of a very different issue, but for this decisive check. The battle of Tours would have been fought under conditions far more unfavourable for France had the Arabs been able to push on at once with all their forces, and with the prestige of an unconquered and unconquerable invading host, leaving Spain behind them a completely subdued country from the Mediterranean to the Bay of Biscay. As it was, it was a hardly won struggle; it might easily have been another Gualdote, the fate of France the counterpart of that of Spain, and the mission of Alfred the Great to fight Mussulmen instead of Danes; so that, even for us northern islanders, the little glen yonder that sheltered the champions of Christian Spain may have a certain personal interest. The true story of a battle, even of our own time, is difficult to get at, and we must be content with a moderate amount of light in the case of one so nearly belonging to the romance period. Still, the accounts given by Mariana and Garibay are, in the main, consistent and probable, if we allow windage for the miraculous, without an infusion of which no true Spaniard can write history, any more than a Spanish cook can make an olla without bacon. Thus, the unbelieving arrows are said to have turned

back and transfixed the archers who shot them, and a whole mountain is described as falling upon the retreating host. In this last statement, however, we have embedded most likely one of the actual facts of the fight, that the mountaineers, like the Tyrolese in 1809, in the Finstermünz (a defile of exactly the same sort as those of the Asturias), rained rocks and stones on the heads of the enemy struggling in the narrow gorge below. The battle was probably a very simple affair. Pelayo, in virtue of his personal qualities and his royal Gothic blood (though Garibay in his zeal for the Iberian stock tries to make him out a Cantabrian *pur sang*), was the accepted leader of all who resisted Arab rule. Submission was all that the Arabs required, and easy terms seem to have been offered, but submission was just what Pelayo and his followers objected to, and Munuza, the commander of the Arab forces at Gijon, had nothing for it but to despatch an expedition against him. Pelayo had apparently a numerous and unwieldy following, and his tactics were the wisest that could have been adopted under the circumstances. He dismissed the great bulk of his host, no doubt with instructions, and reserving only a thousand of his best fighting men, he retreated to Covadonga. A long-headed and wary general like Taric or Muza would, no matter how strong in numbers, have thought twice before he ventured into such a *cul de sac*, and defended by a people "*assuetior montibus, et ad concursandum inter saxa rupesque aptior et levior*," as Livy calls the Spanish soldiery; but Alcama, the Arab leader, had too much confidence in himself and contempt for his enemy to hesitate. The glen of Covadonga was a bad field for the display of those qualities, offering every possible disadvantage to an attacking force, every possible advantage to a defending one, and the Arab army was routed with great slaughter. The more moderate historians, Mariana and Garibay, put the number of the slain at 20,000, others multiply those figures by ten or fifteen, but there can be no doubt that it was great, and that the defeat was a very complete one. Of course it was not entirely, or even in great part, the work of Pelayo's small band. The probability is that his first success served as a rallying signal to his disbanded men and all the outlying mountaineers, who then surrounded and fell upon the Arab host, caught, as it was, in a trap. And that it was in this way the battle was fought is shown by the fact that the Arabs did not take the natural and easy line of retreat down the valley of Cangas towards their own head-quarters at Gijon, but fled upwards, across a most difficult and intricate mountain-country, into the Liébana, and thence by the Val de Baro into Castille, which they surely would not have done had not their retreat been cut off by overwhelming numbers. However gained, the victory swept the Arabs out of the Pyrenees. Alcama fell on the battle-field, Munuza was slain at Gijon, and the devil carried away the renegade bishop Oppas. To this piece of public service, perhaps, may be attributed the pleasant view taken of Satan by the inhabitants of these mountains, to judge by several portraits, some of them quite recent, which I observed painted upon the rocks near the Puerto de Remonio,

the pass by which the remnant of the Arab army fled southward. So far from being represented in the traditional black, he was painted in the brightest and most cheerful colours, and he had a fish-tail instead of hoofs and the usual appendage. On the whole, the artist's conception suggested rather a convivial merman than the enemy of mankind. Covadonga lies to the south of the Cangas Vale, at the head of a side valley a couple of miles long. Half-way up, on the bank of the stream, is the "Campo del re Pelao," where Pelayo was crowned King of Oviedo after the battle, as is set forth on an obelisk erected a few years ago by the Duke of Montpensier. About a mile further on the village of Covadonga is reached, a cluster of houses at the foot of a tall limestone cliff, in the face of which, some forty or fifty feet above the base, is seen the mouth of the famous cave, the triumphant cradle—"cuna triunfante en que nacio insigne España." A little below it, to the right, is the Convent of Santa Maria de Covadonga, a commonplace block of building, from the chapel of which you pass by a wooden gallery into the cave. The first object on entering is a rude stone sarcophagus, a mean lodging for the bones of a hero; but, nevertheless, the tomb of Pelayo, the saviour of Spain, and founder of the monarchy now undergoing incubation under the amiable Serrano, and occasionally disturbing the peace of Europe. At the opposite side of the cave's mouth is a gingerbread shrine, much more like a suburban summer-house than a sanctuary. The cave itself is rather a disappointment to any one believing the literal truth of the narrative as recorded. Its width from side to side may be about 50 feet, but its depth is not half as much, and the roof slopes inwards, and meets the floor at a very acute angle. It could not possibly have been the stronghold of Pelayo's band, or the asylum of the non-combatants, as Southey suggests in *Roderick*. Ford says it might contain three hundred men; but I should be very sorry to be one of thirty confined to its limits for any length of time. It was, no doubt, nothing more than the hiding-place of Pelayo, and perhaps one or two more of the leaders in the revolt: the true fortress assaulted by the Arabs was the rocky cirque which forms the head of the valley. The brook that history describes as running red with Moslem blood issues in a cascade from a fissure close under the mouth of the cave. Count Salduña, whom Southey follows in his description, calls it the Deva, perhaps confounding it with the larger stream on the other side of the Picos de Europa. But there is another Deva farther east, rising in the heart of the Basque country and entering the sea between Bilbao and San Sebastian. It may well be, therefore, that Deva is not so much the name of a river as a *river-name* common to several streams, like, what is probably its congener, our Dee (in Celtic, *Duy*; Latinized, *Deva*); and so, perhaps, a member of what looks like a family of European river-names, comprising our own Tavy, Teivy, Towy, Teviot, Tweed, Dove, Dovey or Dyfi, Doveran, Devon; in France—Dive, Douves, Due, Doubs, Taute; in Italy—Doveria and Devera, tributaries of the Tosa, and, possibly, Tiber, if the hint conveyed in Tevere be held more trustworthy

than the tradition about the drowning of Tiberinus; in Corsica—Tavignano; in Portugal—Tavora, Tua, Tuella; and, if we choose to go further afield, the German Tauber, and perhaps the Russian Dvina.*

Cangas de Onís,—so called to distinguish it from the other Cangas further west, Cangas de Tineo,—lies about six miles from Covadonga at the confluence of the Pionia, or Rio Chico, and the Vúa, on which is a noble specimen of those beautiful inconvenient old bridges, still surviving here and there in the unimproved parts of Southern Europe, which span the river with one bold, slender, high-pitched arch, like a Gothic window. Cangas is a notable place in its way. It was, as some say, and so explain the name, the capital of the Concani, the drinkers of horses' blood; but it was, at any rate for some short time, the capital of Christian Spain, and so has its claim to rank with the ex-capitals Oviedo, Toledo, Valladolid, and Seville. But it is a matter of more importance to the tourist that it is a charmingly situated little village, primitive, but sufficiently civilized to afford tolerable accommodation, and a good centre from which to make excursions into the Asturian Highlands. It is, moreover, within easy reach of Oviedo by coach (or, to be more exact, by *coche*, for, in this case, translation is apt to misguide), up the lovely valley of the Sella, and across the coal-fields of the valley of the Nora, fields now as bright and fresh as any in Devon or Kent, but only waiting for the good time coming—the great Spanish Mañana, when everything is to be done—to be transformed into a “black country” of the regular utilitarian type. The Asturias may be separated into three natural divisions—that which has been already mentioned, of which Cangas is the centre and capital; the central region, consisting of a fan-like group of some half-dozen valleys, all uniting below Oviedo, and sending their combined waters to the sea by the mouth of the Nalon; and the basin of the Navia, which forms the westerly portion of the principality adjoining Galicia. Of these, the first is unquestionably the most interesting and the richest in grand mountain

* The various groups of river-names which present themselves on the map of Europe are very curious. Besides the generic names, the Avons of England, the Owens of Ireland, the Gaves of the Pyrenees (among which we ought, probably, to include the Garonne, the Gave of something, the clue to which may perhaps be found in Val d'Aran, where the source of the river itself is to be found), we have the Gavenny (Abergavenny), the Aven in Devonshire, Scotland, and Brittany; the Ave, in Portugal; the Piave, in Italy; the Avia, the Valdavia, and the Navia, in Spain; the French Nive and Nivelle; and the Russian Neva. Then there are Save, Savena, Savio, Sevre, Severn, Sambre (Sabis), and it may be Seine (Sequana); and Cua or Qia, Coa, Alcoa, Vúa, in Galicia and Portugal. Then there is a group represented by Onse, Oise, Douze, Meuse and Moselle (Mosa and Mosella), Midouze and Bidouze, which last suggests a relationship to its near neighbour Bidassoa; and another group by Adour, Dore, Doron, Dordogne, the Doras (Baltea and Susina), Duero. In some of these the affinity seems to lean to the Celtic Dwr, or the Basque Ur; in others to the Gothic Ahva. The late Professor Siegfried connected Drave and Durance with the Sanskrit drava and dravanti, “running,” and “river,” and it may be that Dranse, and even Derwent, each the name of several streams, are of the same family.

scenery, for it is in this part of the chain, as I said before, that the mountain energy, so to speak, of the Western Pyrenees is most strongly displayed. But for all that, the valleys which descend to Oviedo are very beautiful, and in any country more within the regular tourist's beat, would, no doubt, have furnished many a subject to wandering landscape painters. The largest, and that which has some right to be considered as the principal, is the most easterly, the valley of the Nalon; the best known is that of the Lena, up which the magnificent Camino Real—the Simplon of Spain—runs to Leon, over the Puerto de Pajares; but perhaps the finest, in respect of scenery, are the Narcea valley to the west, of which Cangas de Tineo is the chief place, and the valley of the Aller, which joins the Lena near Mieres. All, however, are very much alike in their general features. They descend in general from a wild bleak saddle or depression in the main ridge, the playground of the winds and clouds, and where the waters, too, sometimes play strange pranks. On one, the Puerto de Vallota, at the head of the Lena valley, a little west of Pajares, a circular basin, nearly a mile in diameter, in default of an outlet, shoots its collected waters down the mouth of a cavern, the Pozo de Vallota, in the depths of which they may be heard fighting their way into the heart of the mountain. My guide would have it that they reappeared, some five miles off, high up on the other side of the valley, thus passing under the bed of the Lena. On another, the Puerto de San Isidro, at the top of the Aller valley, there is a weird and lonely tarn, known as the Pozo de Isova. This, according to tradition, was once the site of a flourishing village, which was suddenly submerged, no doubt for its sins. The secret of its outlet, long a mystery, was solved at last by an unlucky herdsman who blundered into it with his cattle one dark night; a human hand and a head of a cow, which were both recognized as his property, being observed, some time afterwards, issuing from a fountain some miles away down the valley. The next stage is generally a deeply eroded ravine, down which the stream tumbles wildly in a succession of pools and cascades, and soon the luxuriant woods—beech above and, lower down, chestnut—begin to appear, clinging to the mountain-side wherever they can find foothold. Then the little red-tiled villages, perched on ledges overhanging the torrent, become more frequent and more clean, and the stream, having pretty well had its fling, begins to settle down to regular habits and useful courses, laying down as it goes deep alluvial flats rich in water-meadows and maize-fields. These broad tracts, stretching across the bottom of the valley from side to side, are common features in the scenery of the Asturias, and, under the local name of Pola, (probably the same as the old Spanish paul, palus), appear in the titles of several of the towns, as Pola de Lena, Pola de Labiana, Pola de Somiedo, &c. Some etymologists have detected in the name of the principality the two Iberian words, Ast and Ur, implying elevation and water. *Se non è vero, è ben trovato*, for to any one who has wandered among its glens and mountains, the Asturias will always be connected with ideas of rocky walls and rushing

waters. Every breeze that blows in from the Atlantic pays its toll of moisture to these heights, and hangs its wreath of cloud upon the shoulder of the mountain. This is the land where, in Matthew Arnold's words,

Down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians came.

The contrast presented by the two sides of the Western Pyrenees is very marked. In a mountain-range the slope nearest the sea is almost invariably the steeper, and here the rule holds good with peculiar force. Passing southwards through any of the *puertos* you step almost at once on to the great elevated plateau of central Spain. The declivity, in most cases, is very slight and very short, and the valleys are more like strips or tongues of plain, running upwards between projecting spurs, than true mountain valleys. The rivers, too, are very different from the impetuous streams that come bounding down on the Asturian side. Consequently, seen from any distant elevation on the south side, the range of the Western Pyrenees by no means looks like a mountain-chain whose lowest depression is higher than the highest mountain in Great Britain. There is also a great difference in climate. The Asturian slope enjoys its rich verdure and luxuriance at the expense of its neighbour. It does for Leon what Portugal does for the Castiles. It robs the fertilizing Atlantic gales of their moisture, and sends them on dry winds. Nowhere else, perhaps, can you so rapidly pass from one climate to another totally different. Sitting astride of the dividing ridge you have one leg in an African and the other in a Devonian climate. On the one side the clouds are boiling up from deep woody ravines; on the other it is all blue sky, bare rock, and boundless, tawny plain. The great comparative elevation, too, of the upper portion of Leon gives severe cold in winter (I forget what depth of snow they said they usually had at Lillo, at the foot of the San Isidro pass, but I know they spoke of yards), and while the winters are severe, the summer heats are scorching. The mountain-sides, therefore, are generally bare, the timber-patches few and scanty, and the herbage only sufficient for the support of a few wiry sheep. In the valleys they grow wheat, but the climate is too hard and dry for the maize that everywhere in the Asturias "makes a murmur in the land" with the rustle of its broad leaves. As it is with the lower forms of life, so it is with the highest. The villages are few and far between, and poverty-stricken, and the population thinly scattered. The densest populations in Spain, according to statistics, are those along the Atlantic coast, and in the Asturias the population is at least three times as thick as it is in the province of Leon. There are perceptible differences, too, between the peoples. The Leonese, though probably in race he is almost identical with the Asturian, is very much more like the genuine Castilian. The Asturians, indeed, always treat Leon as Castile. The path to every *puerto* is the "*camino de Castilla*," and a man who comes across the mountains "*viene de Castilla*," comes from Castile. The Asturian is a

laborious, plodding race, with but little of that semi-Oriental character that shows in the peasantry of Central Spain. "Son muy rusticos, los Asturianos"—"They're great boors, these Asturians," said my Leonese guide—and he said it with the air of an old French marquis—as we were descending one of the Asturian valleys, and his courteous Castilian salutation of "Vaya Usted con Dios" had been time after time received with a grunt and a stare by the passing natives. They are too busy, and perhaps too well fed to develop such "little pints o' breedin'," as Mr. Weller would have called them. As might be expected, the traveller is much better off in the matter of creature comforts on the Asturian side. The posadas are for the most part clean and decent, and the fare tolerable; and in some of the larger villages, like Cangas, or Pola de Lena, they attain the level of decided comfort. On the other side the traveller's question must be not "What is there?" but "Is there anything?" No one should venture into these wilds without a trout-rod and tackle, otherwise very often he will have only Polonius's supper, one where he will be eaten, not eat; for "social parasites" swarm in the Leonese mountain villages. I once counted seven fleas strolling in the grey light of morning on the crown of my "wide-awake," as it lay on a stool at the bedside. This will give some idea of the attendance at the public dinner, of which I was the subject overnight. These were only a few of the more prudent insects who had risen with an appetite, and were taking an early constitutional to check dyspepsia: who were, in fact, "walking me off," if I may be allowed the expression. There are, of course, exceptions. Short commons and dirt are not wholly unknown in the Asturias, and there are places where life is very enjoyable in North Leon. One such spot that I can honestly recommend to the traveller in search of the picturesque, is Riaño in the valley of the Esla, among the mountains of that great central knot I have already spoken of, and within a day's march of Potes or Cangas; a rambling little place, something like an East Tyrol village, surrounded by noble peaks, with the Peña de Espignete, the most symmetrical and graceful of all these mountains, in full view, and watered by one of the best trout-streams in the Pyrenees. There is also the district of Vierzo on the extreme west, adjoining Galicia, which may be explored without discomfort, and is certainly worth exploration, though it hardly deserves Ford's description of "a Swiss paradise." The Vierzo is a triangular-shaped basin, with one narrow outlet, in this respect resembling the Liébana. But in scenery it is very inferior to that valley. The surrounding mountains are not nearly so lofty, or so grand, bold, and graceful in their forms, and the valley comparatively bare and monotonous. If, indeed, certain geographers, among whom may be mentioned the usually accurate Lavallée, were right in placing at the head of the Vierzo a peak called the Peña de Peñaranda with an altitude of more than 11,000 feet, and, therefore, rising far above the limit of perpetual snow, there would be a strong attraction at any rate for the mountaineer. But I learned, after some toilsome wanderings in quest of

this western rival of the Pic de Nethou, that the mountain is purely fabulous. There is no such peak and no such height either at the assigned spot or in any adjoining part or branch of the chain. The highest point to the west of the Picos de Europa appears to be the Peña Ubiña, about half way between the puertos of Somiedo and Pajares, and that rises but little, if at all, above 8,000 feet. The Vierzo has, however, a certain interest, in that it is the scene of the earlier adventures of Gil Blas. The famous robber's cave, for instance, is placed within its boundary. But one does not feel the same satisfaction in tracking Le Sage's hero as in following the footsteps of Don Quixote. There was actual contact between the scenery of La Mancha and the imagination of Cervantes, but Le Sage's eyes never rested on the scenes he describes. He took his localities from maps and topographies as he did his characters and descriptions of life from the picaresque novels. *Gil Blas* is no doubt marvellously Spanish, but it is not Spanish throughout. The materials are racy of Spain, but the dressing is French: it is an olla with sauce piquante. Spain, revolutions notwithstanding, is a conservative country. Here, on this classic ground, I once saw a sight exactly like a wayside picture out of *Don Quixote* or *Gil Blas*—a troop of some dozen convicts in chains quietly tramping across country. There was no escort; I could perceive no one who looked like a person in charge of the party, and as far as I could see every member of it wore fetters. The explanation given was that they were on their way to Coruña to work out their sentences at the docks, that they were passed on from gaol to gaol in this way, and that they all knew better than to make any attempt at escape, as speedy capture and severe punishment would assuredly be the result. But in those days there was, at any rate, a queen in Israel, the Guardia Civil was active, and even in the district of Ronda brigandage seemed to be as extinct as the ichthyosaurus. I doubt if the experiment would be a safe one now.

At the Vierzo the Western Pyrenees may be said to terminate. Galicia, which lies beyond, is indeed a mountainous country, but its mountains are merely spurs and branches springing from the end of the main chain. The temptation is strong to invite the reader across the sierra to the beautiful lake of Castañeda, down the fair valley of the Miño, loitering awhile among the pleasant vineyards of Ribadaria, and on over the hills to Vigo and Pontevedra; but my text was the Western Pyrenees, and I have no right to go beyond them.

Some Recollections of a Reader.

I.

I HAVE been thinking much of late, at odd times, and most of all when lying awake at night, of the various literary phases through which my student-life has passed during a period of half a century. As we grow older our memories cling with increased power to the history of the Past, and lay hold even of the minutest details, which in earlier and more excitable stages of our career have passed into indistinctness, if not into total oblivion. The cause of this is manifest. In the heyday of life, when all activities, physical, emotional and intellectual, are at their height, the Present is everything to us, the Past nothing. The impressions of to-day efface the impressions of yesterday. It may be business, or it may be pleasure that engrosses us; but in either case it leaves us little time to think, little room to remember. But age, if it does not "bring the philosophic mind," brings an increased desire for rest. We cease to do for the mere sake of doing; we love composure more than excitement; both the eventful and the emotional are less and less to us every year; fresh impressions are not readily made upon our minds: so little by little old impressions cease to be crowded upon and effaced by their successors, and the Past comes out more distinctly, with a photographic minuteness of detail. Not whilst we are climbing up the hillside do we pause to survey the landscape below; and we could take in, if we did so pause, only a limited view of the expanse which is revealed to us when we approach the summit. It is upon the hill-top that we see those distant breadths of country which are hidden from us on a lower level.

All this, doubtless, has been said scores of times before. I speak of it as of something well known, and not likely to be contested, only as a prelude to this chapter of literary egotism. It was brought very vividly before me a little while ago when, happening to read in the newspapers that a certain old house standing in desolate majesty on the margin of Epping Forest, in which I had lived for some time as a boy-child, was about to be converted into a reformatory or refuge, I determined, one holiday, to visit it, ere all trace of the original building should be effaced. I had not been there since I was eight years old; but I felt, as soon as I had entered the outer gate, that I could find my way about the place blindfold. My companion was surprised at the readiness with which I led her from room to room, along this or that passage, indicating uses to which each apartment had been put, and with like unerring accuracy through the gardens and grounds, and out-houses. There was only one thing about which my memory misled me, ranging back over an interval

of forty-five years. I was surprised, as all people are surprised, who visit in maturity the scenes of their childhood, at the comparatively small dimensions of all the places with which an idea of magnitude had been associated in my memory. The halls, the passages, the rooms, the staircases—all seemed to have shrivelled since I last saw them. There was my father's library, which I had always pictured as a spacious apartment, the walls of which were covered by an incredible number of volumes on every conceivable subject. It had dwindled down into a common-place room of very moderate dimensions, into which I could not have crowded one-half of my own literary stores. But there was one interest—one charm in my eyes of which nothing could deprive it; for in that room I had made my first acquaintance with books.

I was no marvel of precocity. I did not, like Jeremy Bentham, read Constitutional History when I was four years old. My first acquaintance with books, like that of most other children, was for the sake of the pictures they contained. I remember that there was a copy of Daniell's *Rural Sports* in the library which was an especial favourite, of which I was never tired—the engravings, especially those illustrative of Coursing, being, to my juvenile senses, wonders of artistic excellence. I think it was in this same work that there was a picture of "Hambletonian beating Diamond" (these were race-horses, not greyhounds) "in a match for 3,000 guineas," which raised within me an ardent desire to see a race. There was also a copy, in I know not how many volumes, of the *British Theatre*, the engravings in which were a continual source of delight to me, though, doubtless, in an artistic sense, exceedingly poor affairs. I have a lively recollection of the frontispiece of the *Tenpest*, in which there was a representation of Ariel. It was quite a child-Ariel, rather plump than otherwise, and it laid fast hold of my juvenile imagination, as what then appeared to me an embodiment of feminine beauty. I remembered the very shelf on which the volume used to rest, nearly half-a-century ago, and from which, by help of the library-steps, I used to extract it, wondering whether there was anything half so beautiful in real life.

But I soon began to delight in books for the sake of something besides the pictures; though pictures still were an attraction. There was, in those days, a description of cheap literature very popular among the boys of the period—most probably for want of something better to beguile them. We delighted in what were called "sixpenny pamphlets." About two octavo sheets—or perhaps a little more—of closely printed matter upon thin paper, were enclosed in an equally thin wrapper of some bright colour—blue and yellow prevailing; and these sheets contained some highly exciting romance. The illustration, however, was the most remarkable part of the brochure. A large folded picture faced the title-page, painted always in the gaudiest colours. It represented some one of the most stirring scenes of the novelette—a terrific single combat, or a midnight murder, or the appearance of a ghost by the bedside of a guilty man. There was sure to be death of some kind in it, with profuse shed-

ding of blood, the persons represented, dead or alive, being commonly attired in garments supposed to represent the Italian costume of some period or other. Italian names were greatly in vogue in this species of literature—Alonzos and Lorenzos were conspicuous among the good heroes; and, if I remember rightly, Gasparo was the favourite name of the villain of the piece. I do not think that there was much morality, or, indeed, poetical justice in these novelettes, for generally the whole of the personages of the story, good and bad, were killed off before the end of it, and their castles (for they always lived in castles) were left to be tenanted by the night-owl and the bat. There was generally, it should be stated, a monk in the piece, who, we may be sure, was no better than he should be. Sometimes the scene was transferred from Venice or Naples to one of the Scottish Isles, the Tartan dresses of the chief actors, and the supposed free use of the claymore, being considered favourable to pictorial display. Excepting that I can remember that there was a very highly-seasoned version of the story of George Barnwell, I do not think that the experiences of modern English life furnished subjects to the soul-harrowing sixpenny romancer. And he was right; for young people in those days did not much care to read about Georges and Nancys, when they could get Alonzos and Violettas for the same money. And a high-collared blue coat with brass buttons and a round black hat were sorry subjects for coloured illustration in comparison with the doublets and mantles and the wonderful feathered head-dresses of the Italian counts, to say nothing of the fatal drawback to English life, that the Englishmen of the time did not live in castles or wear tremendous swords by their sides.

Of these "pamphlets" I was a great devourer in my childish days. I had, indeed, a precocious love of horrors. I spent all the little pocket-money that came to me by prescription, or that I could beg or borrow, upon these startling romances. Many a sixpence did I wring, in my eighth year, from my kindest of mothers, pleadingly and importunately "to buy a pamphlet;" and, the money given, I was presently on the back of my pony—a wonderful little Shetlander named Donald—cantering down, full of eagerness and excitement, to the little bookseller's shop, where these treasures were on sale. I remember the anxiety with which I watched the taking down of the pile of blue, yellow, and red pamphlets; the joy which arose in my heart, when I was told that there were "a number of new ones;" and the disappointment which came upon me at other times when I saw that they were all "old shopkeepers." I have bought books of all kinds since; I have made in out-of-the-way places some rare discoveries and great bargains; but never have I rejoiced in my literary acquisitions more than when I carried home, on Donald's back, one of these sixpenny pamphlets, with a blazing frontispiece, showing how Gasparo and his murderous accomplices were run through the middle, one after another, by the handsome and heroic Alonzo.

This taste for the Literature of the Horrible was further stimulated, soon afterwards, by my accidentally stumbling upon a volume of Shak-

speare, which contained the doubtful drama of *Titus Andronicus*. I devoured it greedily. Those delightful little side references—or stage instructions—such as “they fight,” “kills him,” “stabs himself,” “dies,” &c. &c., constituting its chief charm. Some other tragedies, with similar references to murder and suicide, as *Othello* and *Hamlet*, afterwards attracted my attention, but none ever had so much of my juvenile affection as *Titus Andronicus*—by reason chiefly of the terrible mutilation of Lavinia, and the extraordinary atrocities of Aaron the Moor. From that time, however, I became a steady and persistent reader of Shakspeare, and in due time came to read the least exciting plays for their poetry, as I had before read others for their horrors.

It was some time, however, before the taste for the horrible passed away. My father changed his residence, when I was in my ninth year. I then came within the influence of a better class of circulating library, and soon felt equal to the mastery of books in boards—sometimes three or four volumes in extent. They had no pictures, but the subjects were much the same as those of the sixpenny pamphlets, but with less simplicity of diction and directness of aim. *The One-Handed Monk*, the *Romance of the Pyrenees*, and other fictions of that kind, whose names I have forgotten, solaced all my leisure hours. My favourite authors were Mr. Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe. I used to ride down to the little town of B——, on the confines of Middlesex and Herts, and ask the most kindly and accommodating of booksellers and librarians if he had “anything in my way.” Five-and-forty years have passed since that time, and still I can remember the smile on the good man’s face—it was a pale face, slightly pock-marked, with a deal of intelligence in it—as he sometimes made answer, “Nothing horrid enough for you to-day, Master John.” I was then about ten years old; and I remember painfully the penalty which I paid for supping upon these horrors. I had an intense dread of nocturnal solitude; I was haunted with tremendous fears of murderous bandits whenever I was alone after nightfall. I had an elder brother, who slept in the same room with me, but who by virtue of seniority was sometimes allowed to “sit up” with his elders, after I had been dismissed to bed; and, oh! the agony of that weary watching until he came—the awful stillness of the house; for our room was at a distance from all the apartments where waking people sat, and even from the nursery of the younger children. If my mother had only known why I begged so importunately to “sit up too,” I am sure that I should never have been refused. But much as I suffered, it would have been greater suffering to me to have betrayed my infirmity; so I endured in silence, and was often glad when the holidays were at an end.

I think that my fondness for this kind of “trash,” as older people correctly called it, did not escape the notice of my father; for I remember that about this time he bribed me to read *Plutarch’s Lives*, by promising me that the book should be my own as soon as I reported that I had read every line of it. It was a very handsome large-paper copy, in two

volumes, each twice as big as my Latin dictionary at school; and I was not long ere I had transferred them to my own particular shelf, where they stood as twin Gullivers amidst my little regiment of Lilliputians. I found the book by no means unpleasant reading, and I think that my mastery of it was one of the turning-points of my young literary career—I achieved a taste for the biographical; and I purchased out of my own pocket-money *The Seven Champions of Christendom*, *The Knights of King Arthur's Round Table*, and some volumes of the *Percy Anecdotes*. I then first tasted blood as a collector, and, encouraged by my first success, I offered to read through *Rollin's Ancient History* (it was, I think, an edition in eight volumes) on the same terms as I had read the *Plutarch*. But I did not find it half so interesting. I toiled laboriously through those dreadful Punic Wars; but before I had completed my task, desolation swept over our household, and even the *Plutarchs*, which I had earned so bravely, passed under the hammer of the remorseless auctioneer.

I was then eleven years old. I had been sent to Eton, where I do not remember to have read anything but Homer and Virgil; but being removed thence to a large private school in the country, I again became a *helluo librorum*. My love for the horrible had passed away, and I grew intensely poetical. First of all I had the Byron fever very strongly upon me. I have a lively and loving recollection of a little volume known as the *Beauties of Byron*, which too often lay hidden beneath the larger dimensions of my Latin dictionary in school-hours, and in play-time travelled about with me in the breast-pocket of my round jacket. Talk of young love! There is nothing that in depth, in fervour, in purity can be compared with these first fresh communings with the Ideal—these worshippings of poetical beauty. There were some choice passages from the *Ginaur* and the *Bride of Abydos*, which I committed to memory, and often “spouted” with such volubility, that I obtained the nickname of the “mad poet.” I thought those lines beginning with—

Yes; love, indeed, is light from heaven—
A spark of that immortal fire
By angels shared, by Allah given,
To lift from earth each low desire—

the very finest that mortal pen had ever written; and I was never tired of repeating them. I can hardly repeat them now without emotion, so instinct are they with associations of the past. I had a sort of personal interest, too, in the Byronic individuality. I had seen Lord Byron's funeral file through Barnet, on its way to Newstead; and in reply to my boyish inquiries, I had learnt something of the history of the poet, which had both attracted and repulsed me—an antagonism of sentiment, which naturally intensified my interest in him. In my young mind, he was not unlike some of the mysterious heroes who figured in the romances which had lately been my favourite reading. I had, too, a picture of the poet; and I turned down my shirt-collar, and sported what we then called the “Byron tie.” Some of my schoolfellows found out a likeness in my

boyish face to the picture of the bard, and they dubbed me "Byron" in no unkindly spirit. I was rather proud of it than otherwise, especially when I thought of some of the very uncomplimentary *soubriquets* which clung to many of my companions. It might, indeed, have been worse. At all events, it was soon lost, whereas there are some nicknames which men never shake off to the last day of their lives, and are a calamity to them during all that time. As for myself, people are surprised in these days to learn—I think that some are quite incredulous about it—that I ever cared to read poetry, and still more that I have ever written it. I don't think that we know very much of one another in this world. We shall know a little more in the next. "I suppose you never read a novel?" was said to me not long ago. "I am always reading novels," I made answer, somewhat, perhaps, in hyperbolic phrase. It was thought to be a grim joke—an ironical sort of vaunting of the grave affairs to which outwardly my life is devoted. But it is simply a fact, that now, in my old age, and with much weighty business on my hands, I take an increased delight in the perusal of works of fiction. I read most of the best serial stories in the monthly magazines, and some also in the weeklies. I am seldom a number in arrears, and I am extremely grateful to the writers. My belief is, that the popular notion that novel-reading is confined to women and to idle men is altogether a mistake. To the busiest man a novel is the greatest refreshment; to the careworn man it is the greatest diversion. It does not much signify that it should be a very good novel. It is enough that there should be a story sufficiently engrossing to take a man out of himself; to suffer him, whilst following the fortunes of others, and sympathizing with their troubles, for a little while to be oblivious of his own. But this is an anticipatory digression. I am writing of the Present, when I should adhere to the narrative of the Past.

It was very soon after this attack of Byron fever that I got possession, through a circulating library, of a copy of Moore's *Lalla Rookh*. It was a large edition in big type, and it was not easy to hide it beneath an Ainsworth or a Lempriere. I do not quite know why it should have been contraband, out of school as well as in (for so it was), unless it were, as I suspect, that there was a general prohibition against all intercourse with the Circulating Library. Our head master, an accomplished classical scholar, was by no means destitute of poetry. I remember now, as it were yesterday, his giving me a shilling for ending a Latin hexameter, in a copy of verses on *Hortus*, with "*lilia candent*" as my dactyl and spondee. "*Candent!*" he said—"candent! Good word." And he fumbled in his capacious waistcoat-pocket. "Other boys write *crescunt*. Here's a shilling for you. Always put colour into your verses on such subjects as this." But I doubt whether his acquaintance with modern poetry extended any lower down than Pope's and Cowper's translations of Homer, with which he was wont in those days to illustrate our Homeric studies, often pointing out to us how much of the force of the original

was lost in Pope's elegant version of the *Iliad*. He had an excellent classical library, various editions and commentaries, dictionaries and lexicons of all kinds; but it was deficient in English literature, the history being confined mainly to such dreary works as those of Hook and Mitford, illustrative (I use the word by courtesy) of the annals of Rome and Greece. He gave me, when I was between fifteen and sixteen, the run of this library; and I remember that he particularly recommended to my perusal three works on the art of composition, with which he desired me to make intimate acquaintance. The first was Blair's *Rhetoric*; the second Lord Kaimes's *Elements of Criticism*; and the third Coplestone's Latin work on the same subject. I studied them in this order of 'succession'; and have been very grateful ever since for the recommendation.

And here I am minded to digress a little, for the purpose of observing that the large private schools which flourished half a century ago are now nearly extinct. I doubt whether we have substituted anything better for them in our large proprietary schools and other more pretentious so-called "collegiate" establishments, in which there is far less of individual responsibility and supervision. Of course, much, nay everything, depends upon the personal qualifications, or character rather, of the head-master. I have seen a large school of high reputation, full to overflowing under one man, dwindle down little by little under his son, though a better scholar than the father, until it perished from inanition. But although there was not the element of permanency in these establishments, I am disposed to think that, under a successful régime, which might last for more than a quarter of a century, there was nothing much better, on the whole, in the way either of education or discipline, throughout the country. I was, for five years, at a large private academy at Schoolsbury. There were from 110 to 120 boys (I hung my hat upon peg No. 108) during the whole time of my sojourn. I went there from Eton. I was, therefore, supposed to be "fast," and was regarded with fear and misgiving by the master, and with something of admiration by the boys. But, excepting that I had learnt to swear awfully, I was not much worse than the other boys, and I was accounted, on more than one occasion, a ringleader when I had only fallen into some preconcerted frolic. I soon left off swearing, and fell into the ways of the private-school boys, which had plenty of fun in them, but no great harm. And now I can look back along a vista of forty years, and plainly see, by force of contrast with other institutions, that there was really as much good and as little evil as is ever to be seen in any association of young people between the ages of eight and eighteen. I cannot say that we all lived under the same roof, for the school had outgrown the capacity of the original roof-tree to cover it; and we had the House (proper)—the "new buildings"—and the "other house," which fronted another street, but in the rear was open to the play-ground; but we were all embraced by the same domestic management, and under the same parental eyes. I am convinced that the Doctor knew well not only the intellectual capacity but the moral character also of his hundred and odd boys; for he dealt

with them very differently in respect both of tuition and of discipline. One of his favourite sayings was, "Boys will be boys; but I hate and detest a sneak." He had no mercy for meanness. He flogged hard; always declaring that it hurt him more than the culprit; which we never believed in those days, though I am now far from incredulous about it. There was no cruelty in him. Tyranny was an abomination to him. I remember well how, whenever a little boy—a "new boy"—of tenderer years than most, or seemingly of feebler health, was placed under his care, he would lead him up by the hand to one of the senior boys, when in full school assembled, and would say to him, "I place this little fellow under your charge. See that no harm comes to him!" And never was any trust more faithfully, more chivalrously fulfilled than that which was thus confided to the stalwart stripling selected for the defence of one too weak to defend himself. No blows ever fell upon him. If they had fallen they would have been amply avenged. In this microcosm, therefore, there was little tyranny. And I may add that there was little strife. I do not remember more than half-a-dozen great fights. Perhaps, the rareness of them made them all the more terrible when they came off, for we did not fight about trifles. Sometimes, we had humble imitations of "Gown-and-Town" rows, for we used to play at cricket on a public green; but one luckless day a number of town-boys having thrown stones at our wickets, we pursued them into a neighbouring churchyard, and swift-footed H——L——, having outrun, stump in hand, the other disciples, dealt one of the enemy such a blow that he died before the day was out. We never played again in public places, but had playing-fields of our own; and no boy, either in play or in earnest, ever struck with a stump again. Perhaps the horror and alarm engendered by the accident made us generally pacific. We expected that retribution would some day overtake us; but we lived down the misfortune, a happy and healthy race of boys. During a period of five years not one died—not one was carried home to die; and the worst epidemic that I can remember amongst us was the *mumps*.

I am sorry, I say, that scholastic establishments of this kind have become so rare, if they have not altogether disappeared; for they had many of the advantages and none of the disadvantages of public schools, and they were infinitely less expensive. I do not think that we were much below Eton and Harrow in respect of our general social status. We had the sons of all the Cathedral dons, boy-members of some of the best county families in the West of England, a good sprinkling of the titled aristocracy, with the usual number of children of professional celebrities. There was as much gentlemanly feeling and fine sense of honour amongst us as in the best of public-school communities, and unless a boy were a hopeless dullard, he could not fail to learn something; for every fellow "was called up" for some part of each of the class-lessons, and none knew what part it would be. We could not make much use of "fudges" and "crams;" but were obliged to go in honestly for the lexicon and dic-

tionary. It was not very easy either for one boy to pass off another's verses as his own. I remember that, having written with great care a dozen hexameters and pentameters for a very dear but unpoetical friend, hoping to obtain for him great credit and, perhaps, the supplementary honour of a shilling, the bitter disappointment which I experienced when I heard the preceptorial voice saying, audibly to the whole school, "This won't do: take them away. I know John ——'s verses a hundred miles off?" And then I saw poor little Damon slinking off, his fair head crestfallen, to his "place." I could not comfort him till after school, and with difficulty then, for I had to encounter his reproaches. "Why," he said, with a naïveté which it is pleasant to recall, quite pouting and half-crying—"Why didn't you put some false quantities into them, when you were writing for such a blunderer as me?" It was my first lesson in the dramatic. I knew, then, that I had made a mistake; that my egotism had betrayed me and punished my friend. I tried, after this, to write verses for Damon, in a dramatic sense, and I was not altogether unsuccessful. I have often since thought of what Goldsmith said of Johnson, about "making little fishes talk like big whales."

It was about the time of this *Lalla Rookh* episode that I fell spiritually in love with L. E. L. I do not think that many people in these days even "commit flirtation with the muse" of poor Letitia Landon, whose life was a poem, and a sad one, in itself. But forty years ago, the young of both sexes found great delight in her strains. We have grown too robust, too worldly, too real for the indulgence of much sympathy with such sentimental outpourings; even the young maidens of this generation would pronounce them to be "sickly twaddle." But in my days of verdure, neither young men nor maidens were ashamed to be romantic, and we read L. E. L. with rapture. I am not sure that it was very wholesome food that we devoured thus eagerly—at all events it was not strengthening. We learnt from it to believe in the hollowness and artificiality of society, at a time of life when faith and hope are not uncomely possessions. The coldness of the world, not in an atmospherical, but a moral sense, was, I remember, one of the favourite subjects of the young lady's muse; and I became unsocial in holiday-time and fond of solitude, solacing myself with such thoughts as these, which I quote from my boyish memory:—

Oh! but for lonely hours like these
 Would every finer current freeze . . .
 To think one's own thoughts, and to be
 Free as none ever yet were free,
 When prisoners to their gilded thrall,
 Vain crowd meets crowd in lighted hall,
 With frozen feelings, tutored eye,
 And smile that is itself a lie.

I believe that the first debt which I ever incurred in my life was for the purchase of *The Lost Pleiad, the Venetian Bracelet, and other Poems*,

which made their appearance whilst I was a worshipper of the Landon, and which not having money enough to obtain, as a cash transaction, I was compelled to obtain upon credit. Well, I might have got into debt for something worse. For if these mild Pierian draughts did me no great good, they did me very little harm. Perhaps, after all, it was rather natural taste than the tuition of L. E. L., which rendered me, even in youth, disinclined to "lighted halls" and in maturer years made me detest and eschew them.

Not very long afterwards, chance led me into new poetic regions, which made all which I had before traversed appear dull and prosaic. In the island of Jersey, I purchased one of Galignani's large, double-columned editions of the Modern British Poets—a volume containing the complete poetical works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats.* I bought the book for the sake of the first-named of the three poets, for I had seen Coleridge, when a very little boy, and had sat on his knee, in Mr. Gilman's house at Highgate. I can remember, even now, the dreamy eyes of the "old man eloquent," and the amused expression of his face, as he commented on my wonderful likeness to my mother, and muttered, as I was told afterwards, something rhythmical, resembling—

The child he was fair and was like to his mother,
As one drop of water resembles another.

But these personal associations were not strong enough to keep me from transferring my allegiance to Shelley, whom I recognized, with unstinting loyalty, as the *Megistos*, and I lay at his feet, captive and enslaved. I do not know whether it was the splendour of the imagery, the wonderful variety of the rhythm, or the mysterious philosophies which lay hidden in these haunting melodies, that enchanted me; but I *was* fairly enchanted. A new era seemed to dawn upon me. I was then seventeen—earnest, enthusiastic, sensitive, ambitious—hating poor dear old Commonplace (so beloved by me now) from the very depths of my heart. I can never forget how I was wont to lie, in the

* Residents in Guernsey and Jersey had, in those days, immense literary advantages over their friends in the larger islands of Great Britain and Ireland. Cheap editions were then unknown in England, and the works of many modern poets had never been collected. The editions, therefore, published by Galignani and by Baudry, which were not contraband in the Channel Islands, were luxuries greatly appreciated by the English residents there. All the best English novels were reprinted in Paris immediately after their appearance in London, and in the course of another week or two were sure to be on sale in Jersey, at the cost of three or four francs, instead of a guinea-and-a-half. The collected editions of the modern poets were excellent—well edited and well printed, and prefaced by well-written biographies. I do not think that, up to the present time, any better edition of Byron's works has been published, than that edited by the present Sir Henry Bulwer nearly forty years ago. I made my first acquaintance, through these editions, with the writings of Wordsworth, Southey, Bowles, James, Montgomery, Barry Cornwall, and others, in addition to those named in the text. I never could have become acquainted with these works in any other way—but I do not mean this to be a plea for piracy.

warm summer-time, on a green hill-side, overlooking a beautiful bay, with the dim whitish line of the coast of France here and there severing it from the horizon. A fresh world of thought seemed to open out before me, and these new glimpses of the unseen, the unknown, invigorated whilst they subdued me. It was a strange mixture of weakness and strength. The "worn-out creeds" seemed to pass from me, and, for the first time, I began to think—or, perhaps, I should say that I began to inquire. It was all very foolish. I cannot bring myself to say that it was wrong; for I was very young, and I could not help it. But I must honestly confess that there came upon me a distemper of infidelity, which lasted for some years. I think that, from the age of eighteen to twenty-one, I was in a chronic state of doubt, not denying, but not believing, anything. It was a natural result of my worship of Shelley, that I should have betaken myself to the works of William Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft. I was almost startled the other day by seeing among the reviews of a popular weekly periodical a criticism on the *Political Justice*. It was, probably, a new discovery of the writer; to me it was like a resurrection from the dead. Nearly forty years had passed since the *Political Justice* had been to me almost a text-book, with the *Enquirer* as a sort of supplement to it. I can never forget the eagerness with which I possessed myself of the great master's novels and romances—"narratives of fictitious adventure," as he was wont to call them—*Caleb Williams*, *St. Leon*, *Fleetwood*, &c. I had read a great number of novels at this time—novels of what used to be called the "silver-fork school;" but these fictions of William Godwin appeared to me in those days to be something totally distinct from anything I had read before—something with real pith and sinew and muscle in them. It is mainly in youth that we walk in stilts. The stilted phraseology of the philosopher pleased me mightily at that time, for, in spite of the lesson which, as above narrated, I had learnt at school, I had come but very imperfectly to appreciate the dramatic. Godwin said that he "could not condescend" to make even the humblest of the personages whom he introduced into his fictions speak the "jargon" which was thought to be appropriate to them. I wonder whether anybody now reads *Caleb Williams* and *St. Leon*. Perhaps the great reviewer who exhumed the *Political Justice* may some day exhume these romances. It is said that after the appearance of *St. Leon*, Lord Byron asked Godwin to write another romance. "It would kill me," said the latter. "Never mind," said the former, "we should have another *St. Leon*." But philosophical novels in these days are not popular; the present generation would regard *St. Leon* as simply wearisome, and turn from it as a bore. For my own part, I began to read Godwin for Shelley's sake, but I continued to read him for his own. With the vanity of youth, I thought myself capable of grappling with the most abstruse problems—religious, metaphysical, social—and I had an obscure idea that everything was wrong. From Shelley and Godwin I betook myself to other writers of a still more liberal kind; and

the bolder their speculations the better I liked them. I read the *Age of Reason*, the *System of Nature*, and other similar works, until I had fairly inoculated myself with the infidelity of the French Revolution. As I outlived the process, I do not think that it did me much harm. It is well to get over these diseases in youth; for when once vanquished, they seldom or never return to us at more hazardous periods of life. I am inclined to think that most great readers go through it, and that the sooner it is over the better.

And, after all, it was not an unmixed evil, for whilst in this philosophical stage of studentship, I read some better philosophies than those of Tom Paine and D'Holbach. Being of a peculiarly studious disposition, and delighting in nothing so much as books, I was destined for the army, and sent to India. A few weeks before I started, my grandfather gave me a hundred pounds to spend as I liked, and I invested the greater part of it in books. I shall never forget the delight with which I walked out from Smith, Payne and Smith's, after cashing the good old gentleman's cheque, and flung myself loose upon the book-shops of London. I knew exactly where to go for any particular description of literature, for I had stood, with hungry heart and longing eyes, at the windows of many a bibliopole in the thoroughfares of the great metropolis—just as I have seen street Arabs look yearningly into the steamy windows of the cook-shops. There was that edition of Bacon—*opera omnia*—in I know not how many volumes, for which I had been longing for months, and Cudworth's *Intellectual System*, and Bishop Berkeley's *Works*, and a beautiful copy, "half-Russia, marble-edges," of Shaftesbury, which had scored itself deeply in my heart. To have possessed myself of all these and many more like treasures, before the shops were closed, was indeed a day's work worthy to be marked with white chalk. The upshot of it was that I embarked for India, proud in the possession of a library. Those were the grand old days of the passenger-ships "round the Cape," when there was none of that paltry stinting as to space, which is among the necessities of our fast-going steamers. I could take with me any number of boxes of books—some for present use in my own cabin, and the rest deep down in the recesses of the hold. There is no finer, no fairer place for quiet reading than the poop of an Indiaman. The first spasms of sea-sickness wrestled down, the crisp blue waters of the Bay of Biscay fairly passed, those boxes of books were unfailing sources of delight. I had had no time even to open the booksellers' parcels. They had been sent to the outfitter to pack them for me, and I did not know till I opened the cases what each of them contained. I remember that I found Bacon and Berkeley in my cabin; but I rather think that Cudworth was in the hold.

As I had no avaricious desire to keep these literary stores to myself, my fellow-passengers rejoiced also in my acquisitions, and daily visits were made to my cabin in search of "something to read." I am ashamed to add, however, that there was another case in my cabin, which proved a greater attraction than the bookcases, namely, a case of foreign liqueurs,

as curaçoa, maraschino, parfait amour, &c., which had been put on board for me duty-free by a relative in the Channel Islands, and which, when discovered, made No. 8, starboard side, a favourite place of resort. There was one of my younger comrades, however, who, to do him justice, cared at least as much for the books as for the bottles. Not that he in any way objected to the latter; for we were wont to discuss, over a glass of *eau d'or*, the very gravest questions—

Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,

in a manner which I have now no doubt was absurdly puerile and pretensions. He was a second-lieutenant of engineers, and had gone in for the philosophies, like myself. If there was not much logic, there was much audacity in our speculations. We made up by breadth of assertion for what we lacked in depth of thought. My cabin in foul weather, and the quarter-deck in fine, was the scene of these disputations. And very delightful they were, although my friend, who was a great mathematician, lacked the poetic element, and I could not persuade him to read much of Shelley, but the *notes* to his poems. He insisted that the poetry was mystical, unreal, unlike anything of which we have living experience. We were looking over the sides of the vessel one day, as we were entering the Indian Ocean, when I suddenly exclaimed to him, pointing to the bright crisp waters below, and what was going on there,—

As the flying-fish leap
From the Indian deep,
And mix with the sea-birds half asleep.

"Jove!" said my friend, "a very apt impromptu. The thing exactly."

"It is one of the unrealities of Shelley," I quietly replied.

He shook his head. "That won't do. Where could Shelley have seen such things?"

I took him to my cabin, and turned out the passage—in the *Prometheus*, I think.

"But how could he know?"

"Pure inspiration, perhaps—the *vates*—the seer."

"Nonsense!"

"Well then, perhaps, his friend Trelawney told him."

I wondered whether the poet himself could have revealed the source of his knowledge. Perhaps he read it in a book. It is the faculty of genius to appropriate everything that comes in its way, whether in books or in conversation, when actual vision is denied; and we often wonder at the fidelity of the local colouring, drawn sometimes from most remote and seldom-visited countries, which we find in the writings of poets who have never gone far from home. After the close of the late Abyssinian war, I met at dinner some who had taken a conspicuous part in it. Many questions were put to them about the incidents of the campaign, and answered with the usual frankness of soldiers. When there was a pause,

I told the chief of the Abyssinian heroes present, that there was a question which I particularly wished to put to him. As I had been in some measure officially connected with the conduct of the expedition, it was thought that my question must be a grave and portentous one. "Did you ever see a damsel with a dulcimer?" I asked. There was a little of the silence of surprise; so I explained that I had been anxious to ascertain the truth of Coleridge's lines,—

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw—
It was her Abyssinian maid,
And on a dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.

The answer was satisfactory. Abyssinian maids had been seen playing on dulcimers, or what were supposed to be dulcimers. Coleridge, a great dreamer of dreams, was also a great devourer of travels, and it is probable that he had been reading Bruce not long before the vision came upon him.* At all events, I ascertained the fidelity of the picture; and though it was not quite worth ten millions of money, I set it down as one of the profitable results of the campaign. Perhaps the most profitable results of all foreign wars are the new geographical and ethnological facts which they reveal to the public eye. In this sense, at least, we let in the light of civilization through the riddlings of our grape and canister,—I write as an old man,—or of the more refined implements of destruction, which enlightened nations in these more advanced times have substituted for them. Such knowledge may be purchased dearly, but, after all, it is of more importance than the *amour propre* of emperors and kings.

* I have since referred to Mr. Bruce's big volumes, in support of this hypothesis; but though I have searched all the likeliest chapters, and have found much about damsels, I have found nothing about dulcimers. Coleridge's poem (*Kubla Khan*) was composed in 1797. Bruce's *Travels* were published in 1790. Perhaps some day I may be more fortunate in alighting upon the passage. The poet himself says that the reading of *Purchas's Pilgrimage*, over which he had fallen asleep, had caused him to compose the entire poem, and much more, in his sleep.

On Nursing as a Profession.

It appears to me that, while much good thought and labour have been bestowed on the subject of extending the sphere of occupation for women, especially of those not born to poverty, some simple circumstances have been overlooked. We find ladies by birth, a few of them, thinking it natural and right, and losing nothing in social position thereby, to receive payment for acting as doctors. We find also ladies of a similar rank gladly volunteering their unpaid services as nurses, but refusing to be paid. I do not see that this difference is founded on the nature of things. Is it not rather merely the result of a habit of thinking about nursing, which perhaps might have been suitable to former times (though this is doubtful), but is certainly inappropriate to our own? That habit of thinking classes nursing, more or less, but certainly with a strong tendency to become less decided, with menial occupations. It is considered, though an excellent and most respectable vocation, not one for a lady to follow as a means of livelihood, unless she is content to sink a little in the social scale. Charity, which dignifies all things, alone exonerates her from that penalty if she pursues it.

There might be reason to suppose that a rooted feeling of this kind had some basis in fact, and was not likely to be altered, if it were not that a striking parallel existed, and not very long ago, in the practice of medicine itself. It is now well understood that the surgeon and the physician stand on the same professional level, and occupy in all respects an equal position. But, until within a very few generations, this was not the case. The surgeon was a mechanic rather than a professional man, was supposed to be a barber as well as a surgeon, and acted merely under the directions of the physician to do manual work. But, as we now perceive, this was a mistaken idea of his true relation. Some men opened their eyes to the fact of this mistake, saw that surgery, though supposed to be menial in its character, was, in truth, a profession of equal rank with that of the physician, and from that time it became so practically.

Now is not our idea of nursing a precisely similar mistake? It would surely be unreasonable to do more than ask this question? Can any one think it is in its own nature more menial than surgery? Could any occupation whatever call more emphatically for the qualities characteristically termed professional, or better known as those of the gentleman and the lady?

The anomalous position of the surgeon was rectified, and a new *profession* opened to men, simply by the fact of its being perceived that the

anomaly existed. Does it need anything more to rectify the anomaly in the case of nursing, and so to open a new *profession* to women?

Let any one, or at least let a few persons, able to maintain their ground, insist on treating as a profession any occupation that in itself truly is one, and it becomes one in their hands. This happened in respect to surgery. Is it likely it could fail in respect to nursing? It is simply acting according to facts, which always succeeds, and than which nothing else is permanently successful.

To make any occupation a profession, one essential thing—though by no means the most important—is that *some* of those who follow it should be well, and even highly, paid. It is important to notice that this is necessary only in the case of *some*. Even a very few are sufficient, provided the professional education and feeling thoroughly pervade the whole body. Thus, the standing of every curate is secured, however small his salary, by the general dignity of the body of the clergy, to which the large income of its highest members contributes its share. And in the medical profession likewise, the education being common to all (up to a certain point), the good social position secured by the most successful extends its influence over the poorest; and the striving general practitioner, who, most praiseworthily, in neighbourhoods where it is needed, prescribes and furnishes medicine for the charge of one or two shillings, meets on perfect equality the heads of the profession, and feels around him at every moment the honour of the whole body. He is a gentleman, and is so regarded, if he have not forfeited the name, as truly as any physician who wears a well-earned title. His position is made the better *through* that title.

So in respect to nursing, that it should cease to be regarded as an occupation implying a social position not above a certain level, doubtless would demand that a high rate of remuneration, and an excellent social position should be enjoyed by some of the body; but, provided there were a common bond of true knowledge and high feeling pervading the whole, these more fortunate members need be by no means numerous. Their honour would involve the honour of the whole; and the *lady* who, well instructed in her art, and with an enthusiasm which should render her incapable of degrading it, should spend her time in the abodes of the poor for such small sums as their means could afford, would find that the honour of the whole body was to her “a robe and a diadem,” and would place her, as far as it places the curate, from having her social grade tested by her purse.

Two questions, therefore, present themselves from a practical point of view: first, that of the remuneration which might be expected; and, second, that of the education demanded and to be obtained, and the kind of work to be done.

For my own part, I have no scruple in putting the question of the remuneration likely to be obtained first. The practical question hinges very greatly upon that, and besides it is, in one sense, more important, because if there were doubt on any point this might be thought the

doubtful one. Any needful or desirable education would be attainable beyond all doubt, sooner or later—is, indeed, partly attainable already—and would find plenty of well-qualified persons glad to develop it. As for the scientific work to be done by well-trained nurses, also, that needs no arguing, especially now that medical science has recourse to fresh methods of investigation so numerous, so exact and complex, and demanding for their proper application so much time.

To come, therefore, to the question of remuneration. This should, as I have said, be *large* for a few. By large I mean, at the maximum, fully three guineas a day, without at all limiting it to this sum. It should not fall below this maximum, because the whole conception is that the ladies practising the profession of nursing should be on a social par with the members of the medical profession; so that, for instance, a parent with sons and daughters might bring up a son to be a physician, and a daughter to be a nurse, and feel that he had placed them in the same position. In a word, that the nurse should occupy the same status that the lady who qualifies herself as a medical practitioner aspires to (and no doubt deserves and has).^{*} Whether or not such a rate of payment will be attainable and grow to be customary evidently depends not on any person's will or wish or skill, or talents of any kind, but simply on the question whether the services to be rendered will be held of value in averting death or restoring health. If the sick believe that, by securing the services of such a nurse as is supposed, their chances of recovery will be materially increased, the remuneration is perfectly assured. It is needless to argue that for that which is really believed to promote the prospect of prolonging life, no expense will be spared, or that there are ample means for meeting, in a very considerable number of cases, the fees that I have named. The sums which are cheerfully contributed to institutions of nursing sisters by wealthy patients they have nursed, also sufficiently answer the question.

That the payment will be forthcoming, therefore, if the right nurse is worth it, I consider quite assured. But will she be? Will her presence by the bedside contribute importantly to recovery?

This question, too, might be briefly dismissed as one already settled. But it is worth while to go a little into detail on this point. The nurse—a lady in all respects, whose very presence, therefore, is a source of cheerfulness and comfort, and soothes instead of irritating the brain—will have been trained to regulate all the constantly operating influences of air, temperature, light, &c., in the best way that medical science knows how to direct; she will have the best skill in the final preparation

^{*} Perhaps I may be permitted to ask here whether the desire (surely not altogether unnatural) of ladies to be doctors has not been determined in part by the mistake in respect to nursing to which I have adverted. So that if this had been rectified sooner, and nursing placed in its proper position, that important department of the healing art might have hoped to have been rendered illustrious by services which it is ill able to spare.

and administration of food; will know every contrivance for securing sleep, and have a trained experience to enable her to adopt the best method for each case. She will have her perceptions quick, her sensibilities acute, yet well under command, and will have learnt well (and this is a branch of the nursing art, the importance of which is but beginning to be estimated, and which promises to rise into the greatest prominence) how to be truthful, open, and honest with a restless and suspicious patient, to control and support a weak one, to *recognize* (an intensely difficult problem), and calm (but one degree less difficult), the first commencement of morbid emotion or thought, and ward off, if it can be averted, threatened delirium; or to watch for and develop into sanity again the first gleam of returning reason. Above all she will not—as ignorant and coarse-minded persons not permeated with true *professional* feeling almost always will—attempt to interfere with and modify according to her own notions the strictly *medical* treatment. She will have her hands and thoughts full of her own work, and will be quite sufficiently impressed (if her opinion is like mine) with the much greater importance of her own office than the doctor's in a large number of cases, not to wish to interfere with his affairs.

But why should I enumerate the things she will do, when the chief thing of all will be that she will do her share to *create a new art of nursing* that will teach us all a little of what nursing should be like, and make my description (which I tremble to think I have written) seem above all absurd? But I have written of the rudimentary or incipient nurse of the true order, not of the nurse that is to be. And what I have described will be less than half her duties. I remarked before how great an extension the means employed in medical research have recently undergone. It is enough to refer to the use of the thermometer. Hourly observations by means of this instrument, or even more frequent ones, are found to throw a hitherto unattainable light on the nature and progress of many diseases, and that is the same thing as saying that they afford an invaluable aid to their treatment. In hospitals, such observations are made by the elder students and house physicians, but in private practice it is evident that they are necessarily omitted, except at the rare intervals of the physician's visit. Hereby not only is the skill of the physician brought into bearing with fewer than the utmost attainable advantages, but a valuable resource is lost to science. With persons ever at the bedside skilled in observing with the utmost accuracy and without disturbance to the patient all those delicate variations which disease presents, medical knowledge itself might be expected to enter upon a new development. I have mentioned the thermometer; but the use of that instrument is far from including all the region of minute and continued observation on which the perfect knowledge of disease depends. And with the observing and recording power at hand, in the form of a body of skilled ladies, new subjects and methods of observation could hardly fail to develop themselves. The true nurse's part, indeed, would be one essentially of observation, and, apart from al

the benefits it would confer upon the patient, would provide materials on which the future life of medicine might base itself. Here, at least, there seems to be a sphere in which Nature plainly calls for the mutual co-operation of the two sexes, to build up conjointly—the one as physician, the other as nurse, but with no unequal share—a worthy science of the healing art. If it be true, as I believe it is in some forms of disease, that the requisite minuteness and completeness of observation can be attained only by means of a more or less constant presence in the sick chamber, then surely it is evident that Nature has assigned to woman this share in the task, and that, in performing this share, her place can be in no way inferior to that of those to whom the other portion of the work is given.

There is yet another branch of the art of nursing of not less consequence than either of those I have mentioned, and that is the prevention of the spread of disease. The researches of many men have done much to give definiteness to our knowledge of this point, and there is no doubt that great progress is before us. But as knowledge of any kind increases, so does the demand for skilled persons to apply it. We know now, for example, very much about how cholera, fever, scarlatina spread; we know that certain methods, applied at definite times and in definite ways, with sufficient perseverance and watchfulness, will go very far to ensure the limitation of these and many other diseases to the person first attacked. Do we not want persons trained to apply these methods—persons habituated to their use, and capable of carrying them out in that absolutely complete way on which their whole value depends?

So far, I have considered my subject mainly on its professional or medical side; but it has another aspect, a social one, which seems to me of hardly less importance. First, it might prevent so much illness which arises from *overfatigue in nursing*. No medical practitioner can fail to have been most painfully impressed with the frequency with which broken health in women of the middle classes dates from protracted attendance on sick friends; and this not from want of means, but for lack simply of persons with whom to share the burden. Like other things which are not understood, nursing is supposed to be a thing which every one understands, and accordingly, when illness comes, utterly untrained women apply themselves to it, with a zeal stimulated by affection to a pitch alike disastrous to the patient and themselves. How can overweariness, which is fatal to efficiency in all other things, leave efficiency in nursing unimpaired? It is only ignorance—an ignorance fatal to innumerable lives in England now—that fancies the reckless energies of unskilled affection are more available in the sick room than in the other exigencies of life. Instead of diminishing disease, unwise attentions to the sick multiply it. The truly efficient nurse would never waste her strength, or (except in cases of temporary emergency) suffer it to be taxed beyond the point of greatest efficiency; and in her necessary intervals of repose would afford ample scope for the efforts of domestic affection, which under her direction would themselves be rendered doubly efficient. Nor should it be thought

that nursing such as I have supposed would involve any interference with offices of family love. By relieving anxiety and diminishing fatigue it would tend to facilitate the intercourse of affection with the object of its solicitude, and set free the wife or daughter or sister or friend to render more fully that which she alone can give, and which in truth it requires no schooling to know how best to give.

To put the case on the lowest ground, if it should be thought that such nursing as suggested would add too much to the expense of illness; the saved health of those who now vainly strive by exaggerated toil to atone for lack of knowledge, alone would more than make amends. Then again, here is a profession, truly a profession, equal to the highest in dignity opened to woman, in which she does not compete with men. Different minds will probably appreciate this fact differently; to me it seems on many grounds, economic and social alike, one of very great value.

The comparative inexpensiveness of the education also—comparatively inexpensive, though needing to be wide and deep—is a very important advantage in a social point of view. Doubtless for those able to afford it, a perfect nurse-education might absorb resources as large, and as long a time, as the completest medical education does now; but the highest attainable point of culture never can become that at which the mass must be content to stop. And for a satisfactory education in the profession of nursing, if sought with love by those whose minds were previously well-stored, and accustomed to hearty work, it is probable no very expensive course would be required. Thus a door would be opened for the legitimate ambition of the young women of families not wealthy; for the daughters perhaps of struggling fathers, who might see opened before them an opportunity, in reward for faithful toil, of rising to a station of honour and respect, and of fulfilling that ambition which is often so healthful a stimulus to sons, of helping by their efforts to advance the well-being of those they love. A legitimate path for ambition would be opened to them.

In the last place, the interests of charity would be promoted. For no restraint would be placed on the benevolent efforts of those ladies who should prefer still to act as nurses without payment, and so to spend their lives in doing good; and why should their number or their zeal be diminished? But on the other hand, every one who looks impartially at the world hitherto must acknowledge that those things which rest for their doing on charity alone, seldom are thoroughly well done. To how large an extent medical men give their labour gratuitously to the poor, long after the doing so has ceased to be of any possible advantage to themselves, is partly known to all. Must not the sick poor be benefited in like way by the presence among them of a large number of kind-hearted ladies, filled with a professional zeal for good nursing for its own sake, and as being that whereon their own renown and prosperity depend. Would they be more apt to turn a deaf ear to the call of suffering humanity than their male *confrères* have proved themselves to be?

The Log of the "Nautilus" and "Isis" Canoes.

I.

AFTER due consideration of Europe in general, Sweden appeared to be the most promising water-country. My friend H. and I, therefore, planned to go in our canoes right across Sweden, from Gothenburg on the west coast, to Stockholm on the east coast. In round numbers this would give us nearly 300 miles of various lakes, rivers, and bays, besides 50 of the Gotha Canal, and another 50 of the Baltic Sea.* We proposed to go by steamboat from London to Gothenburg, and after some 400 miles of canoeing, to steam home again *via* Copenhagen and Hamburg.

The evening of July 17, 1869, closed upon us as we dropped down the Thames, having our canoes, the *Nautilus* and the *Isis*, safely slung to the beams on the between-decks of the S.S. *Mary*. With the exception of fouling a brig in Gravesend Reach, the voyage was accomplished without any noteworthy incident, and on the 20th we arrived at Gothenburg, a cheerful-looking thriving town. We paddled along some of its numerous canals, only succeeding after some delay in finding the Gotha Kalary Hotel, for which we had been inquiring, under English pronunciation of its letters, whereas the Swedish pronunciation is Yota Chillery, *g* and *j* before a vowel answering to our *y*; and *k* being generally sounded as *ch* soft.

The town is built chiefly of stone; broad streets at right angles to one another, a canal running down the centre of each, with a wide road and lumpy pavement on either side of it. All heavy traffic goes on the canals,—carriages and light carts only being allowed on the road. There is nothing ancient to be seen; but Gustavus Adolphus judged wisely that such a harbour would soon attract an immense commerce, and great has been the boon to succeeding generations, constantly numerically increasing, who have thriven and prospered on the results of his foresight. Vessels were here from all parts of the world. Whilst paddling about we came to the swimming-baths, a portion of the harbour being railed off, with dressing-boxes built on the top of the railing. Thus there is a square of dressing-rooms supported two or three feet above the water, the entrance-door being on the land side. We looked about to find any way of getting withinside these railings, and spied out one portion whence some bars had been removed to allow the swimmers access to the river. We put the boats through this opening and managed, by bending down, to glide on under the rails, and thus surprised the bathers by the sudden appearance of two canoes in the centre of their swimming-bath.

21st July.—At 5 A.M., after a cup of coffee, our boats were carried down by four men to a canal, and off we paddled, under convoy of a rush

* We did, however, paddle eighty-eight miles on the Baltic.

of spectators along the banks, men of larger growth as well as such boys as chanced to be already up. Having traversed short portions of canal, we emerged on to the fine full-bodied river Gotha, and set sail to a north-westerly breeze. We intended to proceed as far up as the current might permit, and soon found it necessary to take in sail and paddle against a strong head-wind ; the wind having shifted.

About 1 p.m. we hauled the canoes ashore on a rocky point, marked on the map as Kattleburg, and quickly had a blazing fire with our soup boiling above it. This, our first test of the commissarial resources of the boats, proved satisfactory. The rest of the day we paddled through magnificent rocky wooded passes, with here and there an opening showing us some house or a farm couching upon its pasture, and on one island a fine old ruin. As evening lowered we looked out for some house at which we might put up for the night, but nothing earthly could we see within half a mile of us, large beds of reeds always dividing us from solidity. So we pushed on ; and, by every mile of paddling, our chance of finding a house seem lessened.



At 11 p.m. we determined to go no further, not having tasted food since one o'clock, and the night turning very cold ; we had now passed beyond all

rushes, and at the same time beyond all hope of houses, the steep rocks bristling to the water's edge. We stumbled on shore in the strange semi-darkness caused by the faded western glow which gives a false appearance to surrounding objects, so that one cannot distinguish where the water ends and the land begins. After many a flounder and bump on the rocks, we succeeded in placing the two canoes side by side, on a flat portion a short distance from the water.

We soon had fire and lamps alight, and soup and coffee under weigh. After supper, we prepared for the night by fixing our mackintosh coats over the hatchways of the canoes, laid a rug on each bottom, and then began the artful dodge of stowing five-feet-eight of man—head and shoulders under the after-deck, legs and feet under the fore-deck, body in the well. This little manœuvre has to be achieved by shoving two-thirds of your body, counting from the foot end, under the forward-deck, and then carefully putting your head under the after-deck, and hauling yourself aft by your hands. Cover the hatch with the mackintosh, leaving a small aperture for air, shove the life-belt under your head, and blow it out into a convenient pillow. This mode of sleeping is very well as long as you are dry; but that night, as on many others, our rugs, coats, trousers, etc., being completely wet, the cold compelled us to rise at three o'clock. Broad daylight, but the mist so dense that we could not see many yards. We climbed the rocks, and found that the fog lay low and heavy along the whole valley of the river. As we had no meat or bread in the storeroom for breakfast, we paddled on, at first cold and shivering, through the soft white veil; but by 9 A.M., when we caught sight of a farmhouse half-a-mile inland, the sun was already burning-hot, the delicate wreaths of vapour had vanished. We walked off to the house, purchased eggs, black bread, and butter, returned to the river, and made our breakfast, then spread sails, clothes, and kits to dry, and we ourselves rolled into the grass for a good sleep.

By midday, thoroughly refreshed, with a rattling breeze and fine weather, we scudded on our course up the river, until we reached the first rapid. On landing we found the river had made a heavy bend, the rapid being off the point. We therefore lifted the boats out, and carrying each in succession, launched them above the rapid. After paddling through long picturesque reaches, and deep quiet pools, which reflected the sun gleaming from between the clouds, we arrived at Lilla Edit, a small village at the last waterfall on the Gotha River, surrounded by saw-mills worked by the cascade. Running parallel to the river is a short canal, with a set of locks at each end, through which vessels are enabled to get above the falls. We found there was a small inn, so had our boats carried into the sitting-room, and indulged in the luxury of sleeping in a house and in a bed. Next day we went to the salmon-fishery, which has fallen off much of late years. We tried for hours with flies and spinning, but fruitlessly. The natives catch them with nets. The current here was too strong to paddle against to make any

reasonable progress. Therefore we determined to await the arrival of the steamboat for Wenersborg, and then to avail ourselves of it thus far. At midnight, the steamer entered the locks. H. and I started from the inn; seizing the *Isis*, we carried her down to the steamer, and were returning for the *Nautilus*, when we met the landlady and her daughter running down the hill at a good trot, with the *Nautilus* under their left arms and bearing the two paddles in their right hands.

By 1 A.M., with daylight approaching, Captain Ericson, who spoke English well, said it was no use to turn in, as we should soon come to the waterfalls of Trollhatten. We therefore made ourselves comfortable on the bridge, enjoying the grand, wild scenery in the dusky morning. The roar of a waterfall became distinct, louder, and heavier, as we neared it, when, on rounding a point, suddenly the glorious sight of the locks of Trollhatten broke upon us: a mountain face, as it were, with locks rising one above another—a stupendous marvel! Vessels stepping up before one's eyes from lock to lock to a height of 120 feet from the lower part of the river into the Trollhatten canal above, which deposits them back again in the river, but above the waterfalls. There is a grand old canal, which was blasted and cut through half-a-mile of solid mountain, forming a huge narrow dyke, with a series of locks along its bottom, but this is now left unused, owing to the still greater work since achieved. When the steamer entered the first lock we went into the captain's cabin and he regaled us on Swedish punch; we then started ashore to see the falls. All the paths and roads were covered with sawdust, and a mill appeared at every single spot where water could be caught to turn the wheel. In some of these mills they mash great logs of wood into pulp, pack it in casks, and send it away long distances to be finally converted into paper.

The falls consist of a long wild cataract, the water bounding down over stones and rocks, with here and there a large troubled pool whence the same body of water again launches forth, hissing and crashing round and over islands and rocks, forming many channels, again uniting, some having passed through quiet shady pools, whilst others have had it rough all the way, making a last grand leap into the river below, and gliding quietly away to be mixed with the waters of the vast North Sea. We mounted the heights, and rejoined our steamer in the Trollhatten canal, and, after a few miles of the Gotha river, entered another canal, the "Karlsgraf," which takes a short cut across country into Lake Wassbotten, thus escaping another series of falls.

It was not until after entering this Karlsgraf canal that the passengers—some ten or fifteen—began to come on deck. They had slept through all the grand scenery and were just in time for a fine view of the flat marshes around Lake Wassbotten, a kind of bay of Lake Wenern. Captain Ericson now told us that, after touching at Wenersborg, he was going to Carlstad, and thence on a cruise on the N.W. side of Lake Wenern, and proposed that we should accompany him, promising to bring us back again to Wenersborg, from which town we wished to start

in our canoes. To this plan we agreed; and after landing the passengers we enjoyed this fine inland sea, on which we steamed all day. Lake Wenern is the largest lake in Europe excepting Ladoga, being about 100 miles long by 50 broad.

Towards evening we reached Carlstad, built on an island formed by the two mouths of the river Klar, and connected with the mainland by a magnificent bridge. Here we found passengers ready for the cruise awaiting the steamer, and by 10 P.M. we were off again. Next morning we were still steaming on, bound for Upperud, a small village, whence a new series of cuttings are now in course of formation, to connect one lake with another, to gain a direct communication with Christiania; thus it becomes an enterprise of great commercial interest. Through a net-work of lakes, rocky crags, and wooded hills, we at last reached Upperud, where we all disembarked from the large steamer into a small one of about thirty tons, better suited for canal work. In this we proceeded through more lakes until our course was arrested by a waterfall. Here the steamer turned into a set of locks on the right-hand side, which raise boats up into a large iron aqueduct, which crosses the river at the top of the falls, and through which we steamed into the lake above. Here we got ashore, as the water looked good for salmon, whilst the other passengers went on, enjoying a noisy brass band and many tedious locks up to the end of the new canal, where they were to turn round and come back to Upperud. After fishing in the best-looking places for two hours, without one rise, we had the pleasure to learn that there was not a single salmon or trout in the water. So we walked off across the hills, finding our way back to Upperud. There we launched our canoes from the big steamer, and took a cruise amongst the lakes, where we had good perch and pike fishing until evening, when we rejoined the steamer, started for Carlstad, and arrived there early next morning.

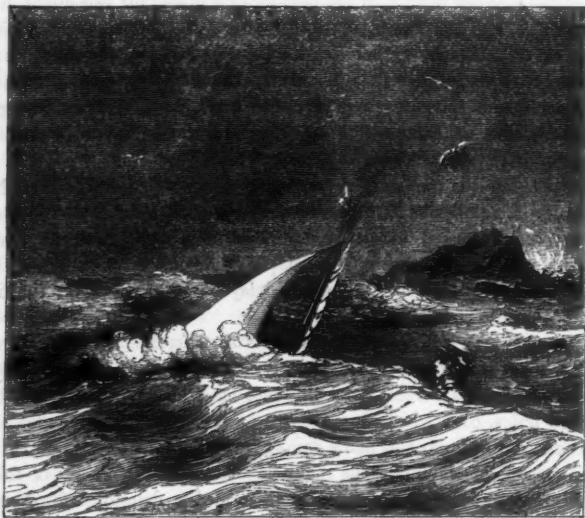
Having landed the passengers, we now turned towards the N.E. corner, for a small village, Skattkarr, where we took in a cargo of steel and iron, and returned to Carlstad and Wenersborg. Here the weather continued so dirty that we waited a couple of days hoping it might clear, but this it declined to do, so we could delay no longer, and on the 29th our canoeing life commenced in earnest.

The morning was anything but propitious, a fresh south-westerly wind blowing, the barometer at 29.9, a heavy sea, and every prospect of rain. Our first course lay from the lighthouse at Wenersborg to Cape Udd, about 10 miles, over which we ran before a heavy sea, which increased as we distanced the land, and made sailing impracticable. At Cape Udd we landed on one of the numerous rocky islands—about two acres of thickly wooded mossy rocks, which would have formed a delightful dining-room but for the pouring rain. We soon had a good fire and our dinner cooking on it. All stores and baggage were wet, for what little water there was in the bottom of the boats was well washed about by the heavy seas. The seas were so short we had been unable to use our sails, for, even when

paddling easy, we had some difficulty in keeping the boat's nose from running under the sea in front of her, when she would be lifted astern by the next sea, and either be capsized or ship a lot of water, neither of which would be pleasant whilst four or five miles from the nearest land.

During our halt on the island the wind shifted from S.W. to N.E., in a heavy rain-squall, so, for the rest of the evening, we had to paddle against a head-wind amongst numerous islands, on one or other of which we landed several times to take the bearings of the headlands in sight, in order to find the position of the canoes on the chart. Waste of work enough we had, for want of a deeper water, or rather for want of a truer and minuter chart to guide us; the result of error involves one in the "square root of a negative quantity." Divers were our errors, and divers were the miniature voyages of discovery we made up small bays which invariably ended in a swamp, yet at last we happened upon one sufficiently flooded to float the canoes across to a bay belonging to the other side of Cape Udd.

No house, no sign of human life, darkness increasing, rain coming on again, we cast about for a moderately dry spot for the night. Presently from out of the forest of fir emerged a woman and a cow. Happy thought! the woman must have some place to sleep in, and, as it is so late, her home may probably be near. I blew my whistle to attract her attention, instead of which it scared her, and off she ran, as fast as she could go, into the wood.



We landed as near as possible, hid our canoes in the bush, and made for the forest, but our *Atalanta* had sped so swiftly as to leave no impress of her foot behind her. Happily her cow was heavier; we discovered its

track, followed it, and after a long wander through pine-woods, found a cottage. There we saw a man smoking his pipe, so we approached and asked him, in Swedish, for milk, eggs, and a bed. The whole family turned out, were very polite, and said "ja" to everything we wanted. So we led our host back to show him our boats, and, whilst we paddled round, he, on land, guided us to the next bay, at the head of which was his cottage, to which we had before gained access only by the roundabout track through the forest.

30th.—We started with a heavy sea and fresh breeze from S.W., with double-reefed sails and jibs; and having to cross a good stretch of rough water from one headland to another, we kept our life-belts handy. The seas ran very high; at times I almost lost sight of H. and his canoe, only the top of the mast being visible whilst in the trough of the sea. After about a ten-miles run we landed on a small island, made up a hut with sails and branches of bushes, fried the pike we had caught, and made ourselves snug for the afternoon; the gale increasing all the time. Towards evening, the weather not improving, we again got under weigh, but the impetuous blasts urged us to seek some resting-place for the night.

We had not paddled far round the island when we came upon an actual hut, close to the water's edge, evidently built by some fisherman or sportsman. We hauled the boats ashore, opened the door and found it uninhabited. There, in the corner, was a nice little fire-place, of which we soon made use to prepare supper, and then availed ourselves of this unexpected shelter for the night.

31st.—The S.W. gale having increased rather than diminished, we walked across the rocks to the summit of the island, to have a good look at our intended course. We had now to steer to the Hinna-bak, a long reef stretching some five miles at right angles to the mainland. Through this reef, according to my chart, there was a passage, but as Hinna-bak was hardly visible on the horizon, we could not determine much from our present standpoint. We had been repeatedly warned that on Lake Wenern a very heavy sea would get up with a south-west wind. The case had not been overstated, and it was difficult to believe that the waves around us were those of a fresh-water lake, not those of the British Channel, in a gale.

With an area of 2,000 square miles Wenern offers space enough for the continued friction of the wind on the water to raise fine waves, but it looked as though there must have been, furthermore, systems of waves moving with different velocities, whose crests would thus become superimposed upon each other, to produce such a sea as this.

Having stowed the mainsails under the deck, and set our jibs, we ran before the mass of water, but on arriving wet through, at the Hinna-bak reef, we found a dead lee shore, a heavy sea breaking in on to the rocks and no passage. The jibs were in in a moment, as it was evident nothing could be done but paddle round the point, a distance only of about half a mile, which, nevertheless, took us two hours to accomplish.

At last, after a narrow escape in running through the tail end of the surf, we got into calm water to leeward of the bak, and hauled the boats up just under the landmark.

We soon made a fire of drift-wood and dried our clothes. The landmark was a huge three-sided wooden obelisk. At one side some of the boarding did not quite reach the ground, so by clearing away rubbish and stones we contrived to creep in underneath, where we found a spacious baronial hall, but as it was midday, and not midnight, we could not avail ourselves of its hospitable shelter for more than an hour. We now sailed across to the Island of Sparo in Uller Sund; caught some pike and perch and hauled up at a small barn. The people to whom it belonged brought us milk and rye porridge, and seemed delighted at the sight of the boats.

At five next morning, in fine calm sunshine, we continued our journey through the Uller Sund. But gloom succeeded brightness, clouds banked up on every side, a steady downpour commenced and lasted on with zeal deserving of a better cause. From the Sund we emerged on to a broad bay, which we crossed to the little village Helckis at the foot of the Kennekulle mountain. Here we hauled up in a quiet little cove, cooked our pike, and in vain endeavoured to dry the clothes in the soaking rain. The mosquitos were very troublesome, biting right through our flannel shirts and trousers whilst we dined under shelter of the fir-trees. The insects and the rain together proved so inhospitable that we gladly pushed on that night to Onas, a village with a glass factory. We were inquiring of the workmen whether there was any place where we could sleep, when three or four gentlemen made their appearance, and begged us, in German, to come and pay them a visit; so the boats were soon on their lawn and we in their house.

Next day they kindly lent us their open carriage, one of them accompanying us to see the mountain and two gentlemen's houses, with fine grounds and well-laid out gardens. We also visited the extensive basalt quarries, but as the rain was incessant we did not get a good view from the mountain.

After another comfortable night with our kind hosts at Onas, we started for Mariestad. The sea was running very heavy, barometer low, wind S.W., and blowing in nasty gusts. So, under close-reefed sails, and with nothing worse than a wetting, we ran into the harbour of the little town of Mariestad. A grand procession soon formed up to the hotel, continually augmenting as we were sighted by the small boys and idlers of the place. The hotel was a large new one, and the staircase big enough to allow the canoes to be carried up to a bedroom, where they were safely locked in, and the key given to me.

Next day, on coming out of my door, I was surprised to see a small mob of people issuing from the canoe room. On sight of me, the landlady precipitately locked the door, and vanished into an adjoining chamber, whilst the small mob, after a terrified glance at me, bolted down the

stairs. We, however, relieved the landlady by saying that her little exhibition might continue, so long as nobody touched the things.

Whilst walking in the town, a young man came politely up to me, made a series of bows, and asked me in German if I would go and see his sister, who could speak English. I fear it was not polite, but, knowing nothing of him, I replied that the better plan would be for him to bring his sister to the hotel. They came, and she proved to be a very agreeable lady, who kindly showed us all over the town and prison. The prison was on the solitary-confinement system, well built and ventilated. The majority of prisoners were there for forging little bank-notes, worth about 1s. 2d. each. Two or three were in for murder, and will remain there with their heads on until they confess. If once they confess, they are executed. Did time allow, it would be deeply interesting to study the effect of the system pursued here, alike on petty and on aggravated cases.

6th.—This morning, our friends in Mariestad informed us that everybody had told everybody else that we were about to leave, and that, therefore, people had been pouring in early to-day from the country to see us start. On quitting our bedroom, we found the hotel full of people, then the market-square full, then the small streets leading to the water so crammed that we could hardly get the boats along. After pushing and shoving through the crowd, we managed to embark, and, on clearing from the shore, found the harbour full of sailing and rowing-boats—all crowded with spectators. We set sail, and left the whole behind, making a quick run for Sjotorp, with a nice steady breeze on the beam. We ran right past the place, so inconspicuous was it; the three lighthouses being partially concealed by trees, we did not observe them, and saw no town. On landing on a rock beyond, however, the bearings of the headlands at once proved our error, and a steamer coming out from the canal behind us showed that our compass was right, and that we had overshot our destination.

From this place we entered the West Gotha Canal, which is the only water communication across to Lake Wiken, and so on to Stockholm. This West Gotha Canal was begun in 1793 by private merchants, and was carried on with such zeal that it was actually completed in seven years. The railway from Gothenburg crosses the canal at a small village called Torrboda, where there is an hotel, which we determined to reach that night; and we did so at 11 o'clock, after having had to carry the canoes over many a troublesome lock.

Next morning brought us to Lake Wiken, after a couple of hours paddling and hauling over locks on the dull canal. Three hundred feet above the sea, Lake Wiken, with its fine oaks, offers as beautiful lake scenery as one can wish to behold. There was a dead calm when we entered the lake, and it lasted all day. The scenery was, indeed, picturesque—less wild than that on Lake Wenern, more houses and cultivated country to be seen. Ducks, snipe, divers, and pike were just

as plentiful. Towards the east end of the lake, navigation became very intricate, the maps being so inferior, and, owing to the refraction towards sunset, we could not judge of distances. Thus, many a turning that we attempted turned out no go. At last we hit upon the right track, and attained a lock which separates Lake Wiken from Lake Wettern, the latter being a few feet lower.

It was now pitch dark, getting very cold, and as there must still be an hour's hard paddling to reach Carlsborg, we were having a smoke and a glass of grog, to prepare us for our night's work, when we heard a steamer whistling for the lock to be opened. Presently she appeared, and entered the lock. Often as we had to paddle by night in unknown waters, yet there is no need to teach dangers to come on, by over-early buckling towards them, so, as the opportunity for a lift thus offered, we inquired of the captain whether he was going to Carlsborg, and, being answered in the affirmative, shunted the canoes aboard.

After we started, however, the captain revealed to us that he did not run to Carlsborg itself, though he could land us off its port, unless we would, as he should prefer, cross over with him to Wadstena, at which place we should arrive in the course of the night.

We took his advice, slept on board, and found ourselves next morning in the little harbour of Wadstena; the steamer was lashed alongside the walls of a huge castle of the sixteenth century, surrounded by a wide moat, branching out of the harbour, acting as docks for the harbour of Wadstena. On leaving him, Captain Owen would not allow us to pay anything for our passage, and kindly gave us a letter of introduction to a friend of his, in charge of the East Gotha Canal.

We remained at Wadstena only till about eleven, then started in our canoes; and, on clearing the crowded shipping, we found awaiting us the Wadstena Yacht Club, consisting of some five or six open boats of three or four tons each, with peculiarly ugly sprit-sails, and a great variety of large flags. These yachts evidently intended to accompany us to Motala. The breakwater was thronged with people right away to the lighthouse at its extremity, and the harbour was covered with well-filled rowing-boats. As soon as we were clear of the breakwater, the largest yacht began to fire salutes from small brass guns. A fine fresh westerly breeze blowing, we soon found that our little canoes could sail round the other boats. The distance to Motala being only about 12 miles, and intending to remain there two or three days, we made no hurry, but had plenty of time to enjoy the beauties of Lake Wettern. This lake is the next largest to Wenern, containing 900 square miles' surface of water. It is nearly 300 feet above the sea, and in some parts 70 fathoms deep, 90 miles from north to south, averaging 15 miles breadth. Only one river runs into it, and only one—the Motala—runs out of it. The scenery is exquisite, and the oak-trees such as one longs to sketch. The yachts dropped off one by one, until we were accompanied only by the largest, evidently the admiral's ship.

We ran in to Motala, and our canoes were soon reposing in the coach-house of a nice little inn.

The ironfoundries here are the greatest in Sweden, making engines and other large machinery. We strolled about to see the town, and in the course of the afternoon met about a dozen fellows, the passengers of the yacht. They came up in an open, friendly way, shook hands, made us most polite bows, signifying that they were returning to Wadstena, not a word, however, being spoken on either side, for, alas! all Teutons though we were, *we* proved to be almost as ignorant of their Scandinavian branch as *they* of our Low German branch of the language. It is the glory of the inflectional languages to have reduced all the essential elements to conventional symbols; thus did we, in turn, substitute for language conventional symbols, by means of which we lovingly bade each other adieu.

Next day we called on Captain Owen's friend, who gave us a big official paper—orders to the lock-keepers to pass the canoes, in consequence of which, for the future, we paid nothing at any lock. The Motala river runs into Lake Boren, which is 50 feet below Wetteren, though only three miles off. Thus the river is a rapid the whole way, and the banks on both sides are crowded with sawmills, whose water-wheels and barriers form a network over the whole river. Navigation is carried on by a canal at the side, with seven locks to lower vessels into Lake Boren. (248 feet above the sea.)

10th.—We left Motala, and after half-an-hour's paddle on the canal, reached the locks. Here we hauled the canoes ashore, dragged the boats by the head-rope down the grass slopes at a merry trot, and launched them on Lake Boren. We were soon ploughing the water up before a fine south-westerly breeze, and at the end of the lake we entered the East Gotha Canal. Here we paddled for a mile or so to get clear of houses and mills, then hauled the boats into the forest, chose the best shelter under the fir-trees, and had our dinner whilst the rain poured. As there seemed no chance of the rain stopping, we again started, now making use of the tow-path to walk and tow the canoes. This we found a very pleasant variation of the day's work, and as evening approached we came in sight of the church tower of Berg, the top of it flush with the water, owing to the abrupt ending of the canal in a set of thirteen locks, which lower vessels by 180 feet down a steep rocky face into Lake Roxen, 109 feet above the sea. After hauling the boats round three of these locks, we came to the little hotel at Berg, at the top of the steep slope, down which the locks look like a set of steps.

Next morning, when ready to start, we found that the two boys, who had helped to carry the canoes to the hotel the night before, were waiting outside with two wheelbarrows, on which we placed the boats, and all trudged down the path beside the locks. Once launched, a strong breeze soon carried us across the greater part of Lake Roxen, so we landed on an island, gave the boats a thorough scrub out, washed the sails, dined, and

went to sleep. After some three hours we got under weigh, and, tearing along before a freshened breeze, soon reached Norsholm, our halting-place for the night. The lock-keeper here put our boats into the store-magazine, and then accompanied us to the hotel, the most ludicrously small place ever honoured with the name, looking like a miniature Swiss cottage, about 20 feet long by 10 feet high. It consisted of a kitchen and one other room, containing a table and two chairs. We did not, however, remain there, as the lock-keeper kindly offered us two rooms in his house.

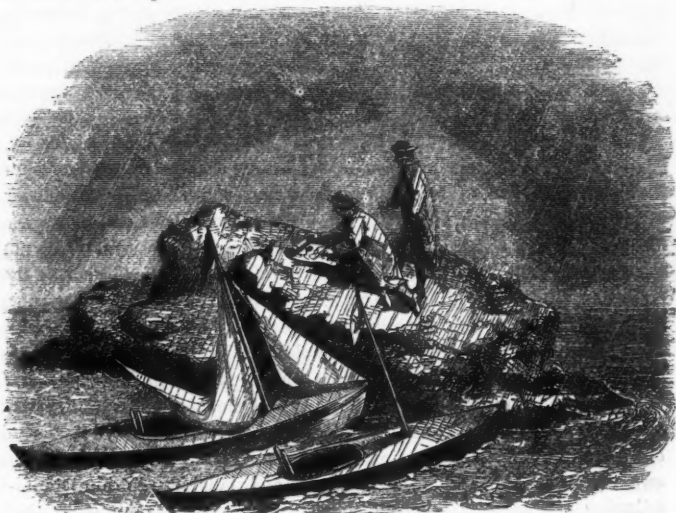
From Norsholm the East Gotha canal pushes straight on to the Baltic, but we diverged northwards by the Motala river into Lake Glan. This part of the Motala is a varied series of rapids, cataracts, and quiet pools, affording the most beautiful scenery of that portion of Sweden. Here, lofty rocks tower up on either side, stormbrands of ages on their rugged sides; masses of sombre-leaved firs tufting the crags which overhang the river, whilst in other parts the scene changes, and one glides through homely, cultivated lands, bright grassy meadows, and English river scenery.

The fishing here, as might be expected from the nature of the river, is first-rate. We caught two good-sized salmon trout, several small grayling and perch, but unluckily the best places for fishing were just those where the boats required most management. Three times we had to haul them round cataracts, up and down rocks most peculiarly shaped for carrying boats over. After the last cataract the river widened, lost its current, and having broken our way through a great bed of tall reeds, Lake Glan, in flood of waters, lay before us.

On pulling into shore we were surprised to find a park-like place full of old oaks. The rain which had been hanging about all morning now came down in good earnest, so we had to paddle under it towards the town of Norköping, which we hoped to reach that night. On arriving at the end of the lake, where the Motala river again runs out, we had much difficulty to find it.

Our map showed it clearly enough, the chart depicting a plain shore with a good broad black river going straight away from it, direct to Norköping; but no such river could we discover, though we found dozens of islands and large beds of reeds, stretching as far as the eye could reach. Our only resource was to mount these islands, look out for the most likely course, paddle through the reeds, climb another rock, and so on. The water varies from 4 feet to 4 inches depth in some places, and the reeds, which grow from the bottom, form an almost uniform height of 7 feet above the water. They grow so close that at times it was difficult to shove the canoes through, and when at last we got past the islands, nothing but beds of reeds could we see before, around, and behind us. From the top, however, of one ascent we descried a small piece of clear water, for which we accordingly steered. H. and I soon lost sight of each other in the reeds, and had to ensure some proximity by whistling and shouting, but finally we both shoved through to the

clear water, the current of which unmistakably proved it to be the river we were seeking.



Our paddles and the current, together, brought us once more between solid banks, then the music of rapids became distinct, and merrily we rushed down them. After three or four swift descents we came to a number of mills and a small waterfall. Here every man in the place turned out to see us, and our boats were politely carried for us and launched again below the cascade. We were now very close to Norköping, and could hear the waterfall distinctly; darkness was impending, so we hurried at a good pace down the rapids; night advanced, and when it became pitch dark we slackened our pace, floated down with the fast current until, on rounding a point, the lights of mills and of the town of Norköping gleamed before us, and the roar of the water sounding closer than ever, we pulled ashore.

The bank was of great height, covered with large trees; small garden footpaths round about it in every direction. After wandering along these, up and down the labyrinth in the darkness, to a considerable height, I came out into a gentleman's grounds, and at last to palings and to a safely padlocked gate. As there was no chance for boats to get through that way, I groped my way down again. We then put on our boots and coats, and leaving the canoes started along the waterside, keeping to one of these small paths, and at last found a gate which was not locked, through which we made our way towards the lights. We addressed the first man we met, and sent him off for three more, who soon carried our boats through the town to the fine hotel at the other end.

Thoughts on Quarrelling.

WHEN I am seated all alone in my room, with a blazing fire in winter, or, in summer, with the window open to the breezy champaign, my books, of winning aspect, before me, and whilom my pen, subservient minister of my brain, in hand, I am apt to think a good deal about one among the many advantages which the situation of the moment possesses. I do not refer to its facilities for the culture of creative imagination, such as the enthusiast Richardson alluded to when he exclaimed, "The painting-room must be like Eden before the Fall: no joyless, turbulent passions must enter there." Nor am I now contemplating the opportunity it affords for the manufacture of that prudential philosophy which Montaigne had in view when he recommended that every one should possess a little back shop of his own,—"*tout libre, tout franche*,"—in which, absolutely shut out from all friends and acquaintance, he should suffice to himself for his own entertainment, talking to himself, and laughing to himself, and following his pursuits independent of all external ties, in order that, should wife or fortune fall from him, he might have learned whither to betake himself for a separate maintenance, as it were.

I look now simply to another advantage. A less ambitious one? Possibly. At least, it wears more of a negative character. This solitude removes me from any present temptation to quarrelling. For how can one wrangle with silence? How can one vituperate empty space?

In solitude, when I am *least* alone,

the poet says, indeed; but the companionship he speaks of is that of thought, thought of myriad form, of impalpable essence, the tenantry of our own brain—vexing and rebellious, it may be, at times, but not capable of kindling the temper, like antagonists of flesh and blood. *Why* thoughts should harass one, and not provoke, may be a subtle question. If they are a part of one's self, it would seem they should do neither. If independent essences, why one and not the other? But I suppose no one is ever seriously angry, indignant, and exasperated with his own cogitations, as such, except in abnormal conditions of the brain. When Luther threw his inkstand at the devil, it was that he projected his own imagination into the form of an opposing entity. Cromwell meant it as a *reductio ad absurdum* when he described a famous parliamentary champion as so cantankerous, that if he could find no one else to fall out with, "John would quarrel with Lilburne, and Lilburne with John." While the iron, relentless tyranny of unwelcome thoughts over the mind is, far and away, the most crushing calamity under which humanity can groan.

Was it fear of each other's antagonism that first drove rational beings into the bonds of society, as some philosophers aver, to guard against the aggression of individuals by the mutual interest of the many? It may be so, though I should be loth to think that the harmonies of human nature had less to do with it than the discords. Nor, in letting my thoughts dally now with some of the causes and effects of social disagreement, as we see them daily before our eyes, would I for a moment set myself up as a cynical disbeliever in the harmonies. Our souls would perish without them, that is certain. But in my breezy attic, snug back shop, or whatever the sanctum of my solitude for the time may be, I am a philosopher of the self-sufficing tribe, and please myself with thinking how much worse off I might find myself in the world outside my walls—how much worse off those *are*, whose busy, eager voices perhaps at intervals reach my serene heights. Imagine, for a moment, the subjects there must needs be in the rubs and jars of daily life always rising up for discussion; subjects domestic, parochial, political, ecclesiastical, æsthetic, personal. Think, also, to how many differing sympathies our several idiosyncrasies perforce tend. Mankind, it is said, are born into the world collectively with four temperaments, the mixtures and proportions of which in individuals are not to be numbered. Why, here is at once a basis of discord to set out with. How can a lymphatic physique meet the aspects of life as a nervous physique does? or how can a bilious melancholic eye answer the frank hope of the sanguineous? And again, external nature, has not she her temperaments? Think how irritable the nerves and blood will become on a sultry noon, when we are laboriously inhaling a sirocco; how chill and ungenial, when frost is chilling our extremities. Under such circumstances, how easily does discussion ripen into dissension! how to sting and snap in words becomes almost a craving of nature! And if even the placid are apt to grow "grumpy" on these occasions, how is it with the class of the normally captious and huffy, which permeates all social space,—with those of whom Cowper's lines represent the ordinary characteristics?

Some fretful tempers wince at every touch,
 You always do too little or too much;
 You speak with life, in hopes to entertain,
 Your elevated voice goes through the brain;
 You fall at once into a lower key,
 That's worse,—the drone-pipe of a humble bee.
 The southern sash admits too strong a light,
 You rise and drop the curtain—now 'tis night.
 He shakes with cold—you stir the fire, and strive
 To make a blaze—that's roasting him alive.

Very unamiable all this, the reader will say. Well, I am only referring to phases of social life which will at times occur, deplore it how we may, and which certainly conduce neither to the happiness nor to the elevation of our character while they last. When such phases do occur, depend upon it a flight to one's own room is the best of all possible

remedies. There, in that still seclusion, trifles unduly magnified have a chance of resuming their just proportions, possibly your adversary's arguments assume some sort of meaning to your apprehension; petulance evaporates for lack of stimulants; the coveted "last word" seems no longer worth the efforts we have made to secure it. Hear the testimony of Nehemiah Wallington, the Puritan tradesman of Eastcheap, whose "Historical notices" on the times of Charles I. have recently been published, in corroboration of this our philosophy.

"The outward meanes that I have used to overcome this hasty crabbit nature of mine," says the worthy citizen, "are these. Sometimes I have gon into another rounge by my selfe til my anger is over, and then com again. Sometime I went abroad, and then com again when my wrath is past. Sometimes I have gone to bed when I have been angred, and lay awhile till my anger is past, and then I have rose, and put on my cloes, and have bin friends again."

How deeply are not the lower orders of society to be pitied for their inability, generally speaking, to secure such a fortress for their own defence! We shrink with horror from the tales of domestic strife and bloodshed with which our newspaper annals of the poor abound; but who shall dare to come the Pharisee over them, for who shall pretend to compare their resources against temptation with our own? Think of the sneers, the taunts, the blows, which might well take place in our own polished drawing-rooms, often and often, were there not the remedy at hand of retirement and separation. But you forget principle, some will say. It is man's duty to school himself in self-restraint. His circumstances are his trial. He must meet them, conquer them; not fly like an anchorite to the desert, to be out of the way of temptation. Let him learn a lesson of the Chinese mandarin, of whom it is recorded, that when some emperor of the Celestials, making a progress through his dominions, came to the residence of this distinguished subject, he found him with his wives, children, daughters-in-law, grandchildren, and servants, all living together in perfect peace and harmony; insomuch that, struck by the phenomenon, the emperor requested the head of the family to explain its secret. The mandarin took out his pencil and wrote, "Patience, patience, patience."

Was "patience" the great cohesive power in the family-life of the nomad patriarchs of old, I wonder? or was not the wide elbow-room at their command the real preservative of their domestic institution? Assuredly, in our modern conditions of society, the patriarchal régime is seldom tried with success. One of the nearest approaches to the affirmative, perhaps, was exhibited in the case of the Edgeworth family, as portrayed in an unpublished memoir of the authoress's life. Richard Lovell Edgeworth, her father, married four times, and had nineteen children. That they *always* agreed, like "birds in their little nests," it would be too much to affirm; but the general impression of domestic harmony in the motley household, conveyed by the memoir, is very strong; and we know that Maria Edgeworth, speaking of herself in advanced life, used to say

she was probably an unique instance of a woman who had had three step-mothers, and lived on cordial terms with all of them ! so that, whether by principle or whether by natural sweetness of temper, much may be done in confronting and overcoming the natural propensity of congregated man to go to loggerheads, far be it from me to deny ; nor would I depreciate, or postpone to less exalted methods such noble championship ; certainly not after it has proved itself successful ! But there is no contest without danger, and he is a bad captain who relies solely on the valour of his troops. I should hold it presumptuous of principle not to avail itself of every adventitious aid that lies fairly in its way. And it is my firm, if cowardly conviction, that victory is often best secured by evasion from conflict, and that to come off without scars is, in itself, an advantage. Now, reverting to the circumstances of the human beings who surround me, I consider that the class of domestic servants is greatly to be pitied for the destiny which packs them together the whole day long in disregard of all natural affinities. We are prone to smile with indulgent, or frown with non-indulgent temper at "servants' quarrels," but how inadequately do we realize their difficulties ! Here are, say, a dozen or half-a-dozen persons brought into close companionship from no mutual predilection on their part, whose daily duties keep them continually in presence of each other, whose lives must be passed side by side, constantly jostling each other in the necessary business of the day, inhabiting the same apartment, sitting at the same board, uneducated in general, or, if better educated some than others, liable to be thrown cheek by jowl with associates all the more repugnant because of their greater coarseness and vulgarity. What wonder that a plentiful crop of quarrels should be engendered in such a soil ? The marvel rather is that the domestic machine can be got to work at all with so many ill-fitting screws and levers. Ye who "change servants" continually in search of the Will o' the Wisp Perfection, would do better to content yourselves with the Imperfections that are content to whistle down their own worries and work on. "I have quite made up my mind," said an experienced mistress of a family of my acquaintance, "never to turn off a servant for any crime short of murder." The very monotony of their life, too, must be such a cause of friction. Every householder knows, at critical moments, how much may be done by "a treat from missus," in the shape of a holiday in common, or a festive meeting, to disperse the gathering combustibles ; just something to vary the daily round, and bring pleasant associations into the common stock of ideas. What the amenities of daily intercourse may be among a set of females devoted to a life of special devotional discipline in common, we know from the memorable revelations of "Saurin v. Starr." One can imagine the trembling efforts to cloak the movements of spite with religious "intention" and pious phraseology, which must constitute the labour of every hour in such a case. No way of escape from it in the inexorable convent routine. Methodical rule from outside is by no means your best reconciler.

I strike my hand upon my head. Am I a very quarrelsome person myself, that I can so keenly appreciate the temptations to this vulgar every-day "falling out?" (By the way, what is the derivation of that term? To *fall out* would seem to mean the diverging or departing from a line of road pursued originally by persons tending towards the same end. A and B "fall out," they defalcate from the prescribed course which was to hold them together.) My conscience does not convict me of being especially litigious, irascible, wayward, or exacting, although I would not venture to pronounce that I am free from the tendency which causes the unhappiness of so many of my neighbours. But of one thing I am sure, that when I am on the outside of a quarrel, I strongly object, in cool blood, to overstepping the borders; and this because of what Polonius says,

Beware of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear it that th' opposer may beware of thee.

It is this last behest that gives me pause. It does imply such a world of thought, trouble, and perplexity. Why, the taking home to one's business and bosom a good-sized handsome quarrel, reminds me of nothing so much as of the enforced reception of that formidable White Elephant with which Eastern sovereigns were wont to endow some *ci-devant* favourite whom they designed decorously to ruin. To feed, house, and tend, with due respect, the princely beast, would cost the unhappy possessor more than all the care and treasure he had it in his power to expend; and he sank at last under the very magnificence of the donation. And so, to maintain a goodly quarrel with due consideration to every point of honour, rightly judging where to plant the sting, where to guard one's own weak point; to discern every coign of vantage for one's self or for the enemy; to frame one's speeches and written sentences with a lawyer's regard to every construction that may be put upon them; to adjust one's self to one's opponent's frame of thought; to guess how such or such a turn of affairs is likely to exhilarate or to depress him: all this takes so much out of a man; usurps so vast a proportion of his time and faculties; sucks so effectually the marrow out of his bones; leaves him so destitute of zest for pursuits unconnected with his main object: quarrels of this deep, personal, spiteful nature are, in short, so subversive of the whole moral system; and, what is more, are so very exhausting to an indolent nature, that, for my part, I feel I would fain enter into a compact to give them up by general consent, like those humane potentates who agree to outlaw certain destructive missiles in battle on account of their exceeding destructiveness, so that one almost hopes in time to see war itself made contraband of war, under a very sensible universal estimate of its horrors. Would you not often rather *not* see an intended offence, or put a laboriously charitable construction on troublesome people's conduct, so that you might only avoid the necessity of quarrelling? I would. I cannot possibly imagine any human being of so perverse a mould, or of taste so unaccountable, as to require the caution given by the

writer of the Book of Proverbs : " Strive not with a man without cause, if he have done thee no harm." Why, truly here were a swash-buckler, a man most wanton in wrangling, by whom such advice were needed. It were well not to come within some leagues of that man's orbit.

Doubtless there are many natures that take quarrels in a lighter way, rather as vivifying stimulants than as consuming volcanoes, and that rush into them, without pause or premeditation, from the most trivial cause. They get out of them, too, quicker than other mortals, and face about on their old opponents and their quondam allies, like those dexterous ships of modernized warfare which used to rout the heavy Spanish galleons. They wonder that others are so long in " coming round ; " they wonder also that others are so slow to catch offence. I almost envy these guerilla combatants for their elastic temper ; but then I doubt their knowing much of the tender constancies of human feeling.

In frivolous court circles, like that of Louis XIV., as depicted in the memoirs of his time, from the Fronde downwards, one meets with many examples of this light, capricious quarrelling. Friends melting in mutual *épanchement* one moment, would

On a dissention of a doit break out
To bitterest enmity,

the next. Narrow-minded, ill-educated, slanderous female gossips—for such were most of those fair Longuevilles, Montpensiers, and the like, who have made history sparkle with their fame—were naturally the very personages to show skill in the degrading warfare of private jealousies and rivalries. Their dexterity often consisted in carrying things outwardly with a fair face. There is a characteristic story told by Madame de Caylus, of Madame de Montespan and Madame de Maintenon : how, when their mutual aversion (on very vital grounds, it must be allowed) was at its height, this uncongenial pair, the supplanter and the supplanted, found themselves one day boxed up *tête-à-tête* in the same carriage on one of the royal pleasure-excursions to Marly. No very delightful prospect, we can imagine, a couple of hours' drive for two such companions under the circumstances. Three alternatives were before them, fighting, sulking, or chatting. The first was not *comme il faut*, the second was abhorrent to *spirituelles* Frenchwomen. Madame de Montespan, who, being first in dignity, had the initiative, boldly accepted the third, but without compromising the " situation." " Don't let us be made fools of by this accident," she said, when the carriage-doors closed upon them ; " let us chat as if we had no difference whatever ; but with the distinct understanding, you know, that we don't love each other a bit the more for it, and will take up our quarrel again when we get back." From Madame de Montespan, the bejewelled Sultana of the most splendid of monarchs, to a homely Devonshire farmer, what a descent ! Yet the same touches of human nature peep out under every condition, and the above anecdote irresistibly reminds me of the farewell speech of

Farmer Appledrane. He and his brother had been at deadly feud, and had bullyragged each other to the utmost in the richest dialect of the South Hams. But sickness befell Farmer Appledrane, and he was like to die. He dared not go to his last account with the burden of a quarrel on his mind, and a quarrel with one so near of kin. So he sent for his brother, and hand grasped hand. A sigh from the sick bed. A sigh of relief, might it be, from the unburdened conscience? No; it was a sigh of mortification for having to change his front at last, and being driven to renounce a position fortified by so many hard words and proud feelings. But a saving clause suggests itself. "Wull, Jann," says the moribund farmer, "so now, do'ee see, if so be I die, why 'tis as 'tis. But if I gits round again, why 'tis as 'twas."

That arts soften manners, has often been said. The mention of Devonshire links on, by association, the last story with one current in the bygone generation in the same region of our country. Two dancing-masters, brothers, had fallen into feud, and had not had any intercourse with each other for a long time. One had gone to Paris, and had there learnt some new and brilliant development of his art. After his return, he was pursuing his way from Exeter over the breezy heights of Haldon to fulfil some professional engagement. It so happened that Terpsichoreus the younger was traversing Haldon also, in the opposite direction, with a similar purpose in view. The gigs approach each other on the chalky common. Professional enthusiasm gets the better of hostile grudge. The elder brother hails the younger, and jumping out of his vehicle, begs him to observe and make acquisition of the new "step" which he has just imported from foreign parts, and which he forthwith executes in first-rate style maugre the roughness of his dancing-ground. Perfect reconciliation ensues, as a matter of course. To dance to a man and then to sulk with him would be impossible; unless, indeed, the dance happened to be a dance of spite, as may sometimes be. "She laughs at me and she dances at me," I have heard alleged by the aggravated party in a kitchen quarrel.

It is certain that one topic of mutual sympathy will do more to harmonize men's jarring dispositions than a bushel of elaborate arguments. A smile, in common, at some ludicrous incident, an indignation, in common, at some intolerable wrong, an enthusiasm, in common, at some manifestation of the great or beautiful, these are potent influences which will oftentimes waft old grudges to the winds, and baffle even the mischievous offices of the "peacemaker."

For, of all mischief-working people, the complacent peacemaker, the outsider who seeks to reconcile differences without having tact or discernment for the mission, is one of the worst. It is such a mistake, in the first place, for a man standing high and dry out of a quarrel, to assume that his moral ground is necessarily a post of virtuous elevation over those whose struggles he so pitifully contemplates. A quarrel may be a very naughty thing, or it may not. It may be an unavoidable thing, resulting

only from a defective state of knowledge in the parties constituting it, joined to very warm and honest feeling. The famous shield in the fable *has* both a golden and a silver side; it is of no use, for peace sake, to try and persuade men coming in contrary directions, that their eyes are in fault and that it has neither. If the platitudes of a pragmatist outsider, with no better means of judging than they had themselves, had forced Paul and Barnabas to an agreement; either Paul must have consented to forego his deliberate opinion as to the fitness of the instrument to be employed on a work of vital importance, or Barnabas must have been untrue to his conviction of his nephew's claims and character.

Charles Lamb, in one of his Popular Fallacies, has exposed the falsity of the current maxim, "Of two disputants the warmest is generally in the wrong." No such thing, maintains the acute moralist. "Coolness is as often the result of an unprincipled indifference to truth or falsehood, as of a sober confidence in a man's own side in a dispute. Nothing is more insulting sometimes than the appearance of this philosophic temper. There is little Tibulus, the stammering law-stationer in Lincoln's Inn. We have seldom known this shrewd little fellow engaged in an argument, where we were not convinced he had the best of it if his tongue would but fairly have seconded him."

La Bruyère not less emphatically refutes an outsider's maxim of the same undiscerning kind. (And here, by the way, it strikes me, how large a collection might be made of "outsiders' maxims," scraping on all the moral difficulties of human life, but penetrating no further than their merest rind!) La Bruyère says:—

"When a violent quarrel has occurred between two persons, of whom one is in the right and the other in the wrong, what most lookers-on are sure to do, either in order to save themselves the trouble of judging, or from a natural tendency which has always seemed to me out of place, is to condemn both parties alike. An important lesson this; and a very cogent and undeniable reason why one should always fly straight off to the east when a perverse fool is in the west, lest by any chance one should come to share the blame of his wrong-headedness."

La Bruyère has hit a right nail here. This is one of the most provoking of stereotyped moralities, and not the less irritating because it contains the fallacy of a half truth. In most quarrels undoubtedly there are faults on both sides, but in very few, perhaps, are the faults equal on both sides. A heartless taunt from the aggressor incites, it may be, resentment,—culpable, but not unnatural,—from his victim. Possibly the least offending party, in a moral sense, may be that which incurs guilt in the eye of the law. Or again, the aggressive party may be aggressive from a right motive. He may be roused by some unjust or dishonourable action to make a quarrel that did not find him. The fact is, that from the nursery where the "good child" feels so particularly virtuous when he sees his brothers and sisters fall out, and repeats Dr. Watts's hymn with double gusto, to the pulpit where the official Mentor descants

on the turpitude of all disagreements between neighbour and neighbour, there is no class of misfortune or misdoing for which the lecture is more ready, the thoughtful sympathy more scant. Is all quarrelling avoidable? With stagnant natures, or in exceptionally smooth circumstances of life, yes, possibly. Corners there may be, in this moiling world, of such halcyon tranquillity that, as the German proverb has it, there the fox and hare wish each other good-night. Tempers there are, doubtless, as blest by nature as that of the Elector of Saxony described by Luther, who was "without guile and without bile." But such scenes, such tempers must be exceptional. Let them make the most of them, who are born to their possession. The world being what it is, we ask again, *ought* quarrels always to be avoided? No; a thousand times no; in spite of Dr. Watts and the parson. There are seasons when honour, faith, and principle require one to enter the lists, and often, sad to say it, when there is on both sides good intention. Witness Paul and Barnabas again. Until human observation and judgment can be made perfect, there always will be dissensions, even to the death, as to the shape and colour of the innumerable objects which turn diverse sides to diverse beholders. Is this cry, this symbol, on which the history of mankind for generations may depend, a pernicious lie, or is it a noble invigorating truth? According as I believe it is to be the one or the other, I may be called on to fight out my heart's blood, like Hampden—or like Falkland!

Brave words, my masters! and let them be proclaimed with crash of trumpets. But of this it behoves you to have special care, all who quarrel "on principle," that your game *is* worth its candle. In the warfare of individuals, as of nations, the real case often is, that wrath, and pride, and the fatal love of the "last word" add on to the original cause of dissension till the essence is altogether lost in its accidents, and the appeal to "principle" becomes rightfully ridiculous in the eyes of the watchers from the heights.

The strifes that have vented themselves in inkshed are not less malignant than those that have vented themselves in bloodshed. Are not the controversies of the learned well known to be repertoires of personal abuse, and of as much "bad language" as can be heard in the slums of Billingsgate? The Earl of Rochester once said to Bishop Burnet, "a man could not write with life unless he were heated by revenge: for to make a satire without resentment, upon the cold notions of philosophy, was as if a man would in cold blood cut men's throats who had never offended him." Yet the "cold notions of philosophy" have had a wonderful power in *inspiring* resentments. Once famous, but long forgotten among the dust-heaps of literary lumber, was the so-called "Mathematical War," carried on between Hobbes, the old Philosopher of Malmesbury, and Dr. Wallis, Savilian Professor at Oxford. "Hobbes," says Isaac Disraeli, "was one of the many victims who lost themselves in squaring the circle and doubling the cube." The more he lost his way, the more confident he was that he was going right. *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford*

was a tolerably arrogant title to affix to a geometrical argument. *Due Correction for Mr. Hobbes, or School Discipline for not saying his Lessons right*, was scarcely an unfair rejoinder. Seventeen years the controversy lasted. Irony and invective seized on every vulnerable point of morals or of temper. Those who "began with points, and doubling the cube, and squaring the circle," reviled each other for moroseness, arbitrariness, vanity, republicanism, and what not, till at last their voices died away in the stillness of the grave. Hobbes was beaten, but not quelled:—

Sed nil profeci, magnis authoribus error
Fultus erat, cessit sic Medicina malo,

was his last word. But Wallis outlived him, and could point a moral at his memory without fear of contradiction. Speaking of some laborious business on which he was engaged, he said it was "as hard almost as to make Mr. Hobbes understand mathematics." Perhaps our modern sages—our Comteists, and our Darwinites and their opposers—have learnt to restrain their pens under more decent conventionalities; but there is assuredly no field of debate on which there exists a fiercer, more enduring spirit of antagonism, than on that of calm, unworldly, abstract science. Political rivals are placable by comparison, and for this reason, that political exigencies are always shifting, and principles have, ever and anon, to give way to opportunity.

A generally established system of shorthand-writing is said to be a desideratum in the railway pace of modern civilization. For the conduct of pen-and-paper combats it would be in the eyes of many an immense boon. Who knows but it might have something of the effect of needle-guns in modern warfare, making a seven days' of an otherwise seven years' war? I knew a case of a family quarrel in which one of the champions adopted the use of quill-pens for evermore from experiencing the difficulty on that occasion of tracing with sufficient rapidity the energetic sentences required under the friction of a metal nib.

Some natures prefer the arena of *vivâ voce* discussion. The heat of argument, when tongue sharpens tongue, is apt to explode in very unguarded, extravagant vehemences, so that to "speak one's mind" upon a controverted subject is a synonym for a hard set-to fight. Yet there are times when a personal encounter may open up the best issue. When written controversy has been spun to vexatious length, and there seems no road out of the labyrinth, and antagonists *wish* to be reconciled, yet know not how to withdraw from their formulated positions without the horrible fear of seeming stupid or yielding, then bring them face to face. A grasp of the hand, accompanied by an inexorable mutual prohibition of anything like *explanation*, may wipe out the contention of the past for ever.

That the topic of quarrels between friends should have inspired some very effective passages in poetry is not to be wondered at; the contrasts brought into play are among the strongest, most pathetic, in life. Quarrels between tried friends are in fact more really tragic than lovers' quarrels,

which are apt to turn upon some slight personal ground, and if not—as they so often are—ended by prompt reconciliation, are at least transitory in their smart, however severe at the time. The offended swain who drowns himself because his mistress has had “words” with him, would soon have ceased to grieve if he could have tided over the first distress. If Chloe flouts me from momentary caprice or ill-humour, a sunny morning, a pleasant walk, will presently set all right. If she flouts me because she does not care for me, I shall be a fool not to gulp down my vexation after one choke—

If she be not kind to me,
What care I how fair she be ?

But caprice has commonly no part in the antagonism of sworn comrades. Principle, character, confidence,—these are the fundamental bonds of friendship, and these are they which are wrenched and riven when a dispute definitively separates chief friends. Accordingly, the really tragic passages in poetry have reference more to the feuds of friends than to the feuds of lovers. Take the immortal scene between Brutus and Cassius in Shakspeare ; take Coleridge’s *Roland and Sir Leoline*—

Each spake words of high disdain
And insult, to his heart’s best brother :
They parted—ne’er to meet again !
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining.
They stood aloof, the scars remaining
Like cliffs which had been rent asunder—
A dreary sea now flows between ;
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

That is the direful grief, the sense of union in disunion ! The incompleteness, the “hollowness” of the heart that has lost its answering heart beyond recovery ! O thou who art threatened with the alienation of an old tried friend, by some difference which neither thou nor he know how to get over, spare him—spare each other if you can ; leave margin for reconciliation ! Be very slow to take personal offence : be slower still to speak the bitter word which may never be recalled. There are temporary obscurings of regard, and there are obliterations more deadly than death. Some winters since there was a mighty tempest in the West Indian latitudes ; the sea rose mountains high, and a hurricane swept all before it, and a rumour went forth that an island had bodily “disappeared.” But the tempest passed, and Tortola stood out again, damaged, truly, for a time, but not submerged. It was the vehemence of the elements that had hidden it from view. Trust and hope for a return of old sentiment when the gale of disagreement is past. Characters are so different in the framework of their sensibilities. Damon may be carelessly, even capriciously, hurting at times, yet may glow with generous self-sacrifice

and warmest love when need occurs to Pythias. Let Pythias only be true, constant, unexacting; let him give Damon plenty of rope, and not irritate him by querulous remonstrances. The sense of justice and truth will bring back his love—his consciousness of love, we should rather say—more surely than all the frettings of reproach.

Having drifted somehow into a sermonizing vein, I will conclude with a few practical suggestions to "all about to quarrel." I venture not to say simply, "Don't," like the adviser to "those about to marry" in *Punch*. I only say, first, Defer. Postponement may be the thief of time in business arrangements; it is often the safety-belt of tempers in the acrimonious waters of repartee. Oh, defer your cause from Philip drunk to Philip sober; from the disputant of 11 A.M. on Monday morning to the same disputant one week—ay, or, it may be, one day—later. How will the perspective of things, in all possibility, have shifted its bearings in the interval, till the "situation" knows itself no more. It was the fatal mischief of duelling, formerly so common among us, that the challenge, once given and accepted, on some occasion, perhaps, as remote from the real interests of two convivial disputants as the politics of the planet Jupiter, it seemed cowardice to back out of it, however needless the quarrel might appear in the light of morning meditation.

Secondly, cultivate varied intellectual interests. The greater variety of attractive subjects of thought you possess, in matters out of yourself, the less you will care to spare attention for petty personal provocations. Bright, sunny fancies—best nurtured in "flashes of solitude"—sweeten the mind.

Thirdly, aim at acquiring a sympathetic heart. And as, according to some metaphysicians, all sympathy is based on imagination, make it your business to picture to yourself the peculiarities and the difficulties of others, so that the next step may be to feel tolerant of them. And here we come round to the doctrine of the Book of Proverbs, that "understanding" is the great means of keeping one straight. The more dogged and stupid a mind is, the less hope of steering clear of a collision with it.

There is a touching passage in a poem by Coventry Patmore, not immediately accessible to me, which embodies the reflections of one in the first moments of bereavement, dwelling, in that strangely vivid light which no fogs of working-day existence obscure, on the thought of the friend with whom life's familiar scenes have been passed. At that moment, how does not all love, all regret, all self-examination concur in the one yearning wish that no word intended for affront, no action intended for pain-giving hostility or defiance, had ever been set down in the note-book which unforgiving, unforgetting conscience keeps as a witness against itself! And, could we only think of *that* moment with reference to any friend against whom we are about to launch the bitter taunt, how would it not seem worth our while to make every effort at self-restraint, if only for the selfish aim of making our own heartache in the severance of death more tolerable!

The Sun's Corona.

ONE after another the mysterious problems presented by the sun to man's contemplation have been solved by astronomers. We have learned what are the substances which compose his giant bulk. We know much respecting the condition in which those substances exist. The strange red prominences which are seen round the black disc of the moon in total eclipse, "like garnets round a brooch of jet," have not only been interpreted, but our astronomers, calling in to their aid the subtle powers of the most wonderful instrument of research yet devised by man, have been enabled to discern these objects when the sun is shining with full splendour in the heavens—nay, even to measure their motion, and to gauge the pressure exerted by the gases which compose their substance. But one great problem yet remains unsolved. When the sun's orb is hidden in total eclipse, there bursts suddenly into view a crown or glory of light, resembling the *nimbus* which painters place around the heads of saints. Sometimes presenting the appearance of a uniform circular halo, at others radiated and even irregular in aspect, this striking phenomenon had long attracted the attention and invited the curiosity of astronomers. But recently, owing to the nature of the information obtained respecting the sun's substance and the coloured flames which play over his surface, the corona has been regarded with a new and much greater interest. There is, perhaps, at this moment, no problem in astronomy which attracts so much attention, or whose solution would be hailed more eagerly. It is not concealed, that though the expedition which is to set forth to view the eclipse of next December will be provided with the means of renewing, and probably improving upon, the researches made into the other phenomena of total eclipses, yet its main object is to determine, if possible, what is the nature of the corona. If no new information shall have been obtained, during the coming eclipse, respecting this singular solar appendage, it will be admitted by astronomers that the primary object of the expedition has remained unachieved.

It may interest our readers, therefore, to have some account of the observations which have been already made upon the corona, and to consider, though but briefly, the chief theories which have been put forward in explanation of the phenomenon.

The corona was known to astronomers long before those coloured prominences which have recently received so much attention. It has even been supposed that Philostratus refers to the appearance of this object where he remarks, in his *Life of Apollonius*, that "there appeared in the heavens"—shortly before the death of Domitian—"a prodigy of the

following nature—a certain *corona*, resembling the iris, surrounded the orb of the sun and obscured his light.” One might conceive that there was no reference here to a total eclipse of the sun; but Philostratus remarks farther on, that the darkness was like that of night, a circumstance which leaves little doubt that a solar eclipse had taken place.

It is, in fact, worthy of remark, that the light of the corona often misled the observers of total eclipses to suppose that, in reality, a portion of the sun had remained uncovered. Kepler was at the pains to write a treatise to prove that certain eclipses, supposed to be only annular, had, in reality, been total. A year after he had published this treatise, he himself had an opportunity of witnessing the total eclipse visible at Naples in 1605, respecting which he remarks, that “the whole body of the sun was completely covered for a short time, but around it there shone a brilliant light of a reddish hue and uniform breadth, which occupied a considerable part of the heavens.”

From this time scarcely a single total eclipse has occurred, during which the aspect and dimensions of the corona have not been noted. It would be easy to fill a volume with the various observations which have thus been recorded. For our purpose, it will be convenient to select those accounts which indicate the most important peculiarities of the corona, and especially those which may help us to ascertain the real nature of the object.

One of the earliest accounts of this nature is that given by Dr. Wyberd of the total eclipse of March 29, 1652. “When the sun was reduced to a narrow crescent of light,” he remarks, “the moon all at once threw herself within the margin of the solar disc”—(a peculiarity which has been observed under favourable circumstances by others, and is, of course, only apparent)—“with such agility, that she seemed to revolve like an upper millstone, affording a pleasant spectacle of rotary motion. In reality, however, the sun was totally eclipsed, and the appearance was due to a corona of light round the moon, arising from some unknown cause. It had a uniform breadth of half a digit or a third of a digit at least; it emitted a bright and radiating light, and appeared concentric with the sun and moon” when the centres of the two discs were at their nearest.

It will presently be seen that the extent of the corona on this occasion was far less than during many modern eclipses; in fact, Dr. Wyberd’s account would seem to indicate that he only noticed the brighter part of the corona which lies close by the black disc of the moon. Otherwise the extent of the corona on this occasion was exceptionally small. Strangely enough, the next account we have to refer to assigns to the corona an exceptionally large extension from the sun.

During the eclipse of May 12, 1706, MM. Plantade and Capiès saw a very bright ring of white light surrounding the eclipsed sun, and extending to a distance equal to about a tenth of the moon’s apparent diameter. This was, in all probability, that brighter portion of the corona which Dr. Wyberd saw. Outside this brilliant ring of light a fainter light

was seen, which faded off insensibly until—at a distance from the sun equal to about eight times his apparent diameter—the light was lost in the obscure background of the sky.

This observation serves very well to indicate the interest and importance attaching to the solution of the problem presented by the corona. We shall see presently that a question exists whether the corona is, on the one hand, a solar appendage, or, on the other, a phenomena due merely to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere. The observation just described, would in the one case indicate that the object has a real extension enormously exceeding that of any known celestial object—save perhaps the tails of certain comets—while in the other case, the corona would have no more scientific importance than those long radial beams formed by the light of the sun shining through a bank of clouds. Enormous as is the bulk of the sun—so enormous that the earth on which we live sinks into utter nothingness by comparison—the actual extent of space filled by the coronal light on the former supposition, could exceed the volume of the sun more than two thousand times!

It is not without some little shame that astronomers refer to the great total eclipse of 1715. Although this eclipse was visible in England, and though it occurred in the time of so great an astronomer as Halley, no adequate preparations were made for observing it. Coates, indeed—a practical astronomer, whose observations would have had a high value—was “oppressed with too much company,” Halley tells us, to pay special attention to the eclipse. Halley himself made a few common-place notes on the phenomena presented by the totally eclipsed sun, but we learn nothing new from them respecting the corona.

Nor were the French astronomers more energetic in 1724. But one observation made by Maraldi is worth noticing. He perceived that at the beginning of the eclipse the corona was clearly broader on the side towards which the moon was advancing than on the opposite side, while at the end of the eclipse the reverse was the case. This would seem to show that the corona is a solar appendage, since the moon thus seemed to traverse the corona precisely as she traversed the sun.

The observation made by Maraldi was confirmed by several who observed the total eclipse of 1733 in Sweden. A special interest attaches to this eclipse, because instead of being observed only by astronomers, it was watched by a large number of persons invited to the work by the Royal Society of Sweden. As many of those who propose to join the expedition to view the eclipse of next December have decided to direct their attention to the general aspect of the corona, it is interesting to inquire how far such observations are likely to add to our knowledge. In this respect the Swedish narrative is most encouraging. At Catharinesholm, the pastor of Forshem noticed that the ring of light which appeared round the black disc of the moon was of a reddish colour, an observation confirmed by Vallerius, another pastor, who noticed, however, that at a considerable distance from the sun the ring appeared of a

greenish hue. The pastor of Smoland states that "during the total obscuration the edge of the moon's disc resembled gilded brass, and that the faint ring around it emitted rays in an upward as well as in a downward direction, similar to those seen beneath the sun when a shower of rain is impending." The mathematical lecturer in the Academy of Charlestadt, M. Edstrom, observed these rays with special attention, and remarks respecting them that "they plainly maintained the same position until they vanished along with the ring upon the reappearance of the sun." On the other hand, the ring as seen at Lincopia seemed to have no rays.

It is important to inquire whether this difference in the aspect of the corona, as seen at different stations, is due to the condition of the air, the eyesight of the observer, or other such causes. For clearly, if the observer at Lincopia saw an object really different from that seen by Edstrom, it would follow that the corona is a phenomenon of our own atmosphere and not a solar appendage. On other occasions a like difference has been recorded in the aspect of the corona as seen at different stations; but we do not remember any observations which seem calculated to resolve the question just suggested, until the great total eclipse observed last year in America. It is easy to see that, whatever theory of the corona we adopt, the condition of the atmosphere might be expected to affect the aspect of the ring. For obviously this would happen if the coronal light is merely due to the illumination of our atmosphere; while, if the light comes from beyond our atmosphere, it would still be brighter or fainter according as the air was more or less clear. The only convincing form of evidence would be such as showed that some peculiarity of figure, noticed when the ring was seen under unfavourable atmospheric conditions, remained recognisable notwithstanding a great increase in the apparent extent of the ring, when seen *at some distant station, under more favourable circumstances.*

Now during the great eclipse of last year, very remarkable evidence was given, fulfilling these very conditions.

In the first place, all the astronomers who observed the eclipse along the whole path of the shadow, from where it first fell upon America far in the North-west to the point where it left the American continent and fell upon the Atlantic, noticed the singularly quadrilateral aspect of the corona. This was not only observed with the naked eye, but by telescopists; and in one instance photography recorded the peculiarity most satisfactorily. But this four-cornered aspect belonged only to a portion of the coronal light lying relatively close to the sun. The most distant corner of the four lay at a distance from the moon's disc scarcely exceeding half the moon's apparent diameter. Outside the cornered figure lay a faint glare of light which seemed to most observers to merge uniformly and gradually into the dark tints of the sky far away from the eclipsed sun.

But there was one party of observers who were stationed above those

lower and denser regions of the atmosphere which are most effective in obstructing the passage of light, and especially of light so faint as that which comes from the outer parts of the corona. General Myer, Colonel Winthrop, and others ascended to the summit of White Top Mountain, near Abingdon in Virginia, and thence, at a height of some 5,500 feet above the level of the sea, and immersed so much more deeply in the shadow of the moon than the observers at lower levels, they had an opportunity of witnessing the imposing phenomena presented during a total eclipse of the sun. The account they give of the corona becomes, under these circumstances, most instructive. "To the unaided eye," says General Myer, "the eclipse presented, during the total obscuration, a vision magnificent beyond description. As a centre stood the full and intensely black disc of the moon, surrounded by an aureola of soft bright light, through which shot out, as if from the circumference of the moon, straight massive silvery rays, seeming distinct and separate from each other, to a distance of two or three diameters of the lunar disc; the whole spectacle showing as upon a background of diffused rose-coloured light . . . *The silvery rays were longest and most prominent at four points of the circumference—two upon the upper, and two upon the lower portion, apparently equidistant from each other . . . giving the spectacle a quadrilateral form. The angles of the quadrangle were about opposite the north-eastern, north-western, south-eastern, and south-western points of the disc*" (an arrangement corresponding precisely with the observations made at lower levels). "There was no motion of the rays—they seemed concentric."

Nothing, as it should seem, could be more convincing than the evidence given by this observation. The radial extensions which, to the observer near the sea-level, reached only to a distance from the moon's edge equalling about half the moon's diameter, were recognized at the higher station as rays four times as long. The influence of the atmosphere in blotting out, so to speak, the fainter portions of the corona is thus made manifest,—and so far the evidence strongly favours (to say the least) the supposition that the corona is something lying much farther from us than the limits of the earth's atmosphere.

Let us return, however, to the records of earlier eclipses. Strangely enough the next we have to deal with corresponds very closely with the American eclipse of last year as respects the appearance presented by the corona. "The most remarkable feature exhibited by the corona," remarks Professor Grant, speaking of the eclipse of February, 1766, "consisted of four luminous expansions, separated from each other by equal intervals."

The Spanish admiral, Don Antonio d'Alloa, gives an interesting account of the appearance presented by the corona during the total eclipse of 1778. He states that "five or six seconds after the commencement of the total obscuration, a brilliant luminous circle was seen surrounding the moon, which became more vivid as the centre of that body continued

to approach the centre of the sun. About the middle of the eclipse, its breadth was equal to one-sixth of the moon's diameter. There appeared issuing from it a great number of rays of unequal length, which could be discerned to a distance equal to the lunar diameter. It seemed to be indued with a rapid rotatory motion, which caused it to resemble a fire-work turning round its centre. The colour of the light was not uniform throughout the whole breadth of the ring. Towards the margin of the lunar disk it appeared of a reddish hue; then it changed to a pale yellow, and from the middle to the outer border the yellow gradually became fainter until at length it seemed almost quite white."

Passing over several intermediate eclipses, we come to the great eclipse of 1842, remarkable on account of the number of eminent astronomers of all nations who took part in observing it.

The most noteworthy feature in the records of this eclipse, is the very wide range of difference in the estimates of the extent attained by the coronal ring. M. Petit, at Montpellier, estimated the width of the corona at barely one-fourth of the moon's diameter. Francis Baily—it was during this eclipse, by the way, that the phenomenon known as "Baily's Beads" was first observed with attention—considered that the corona was about twice as wide. To Otto Struve, the eminent Prussian observer, the corona seemed yet wider, falling little short of the moon's apparent diameter in extension.

It is interesting to notice these discrepancies between the observations of modern astronomers of repute for accuracy and observing skill. It shows that the differences recorded in the aspect of the corona are not due to such errors as unpractised observers might be expected to make. We shall presently see the importance of thus separating truthful from untrustworthy observations.

Arago made a similar observation during the progress of this eclipse. He remarked in one of the brighter portions of the corona, "a luminous spot composed of jets entwined in each other, and resembling in appearance a hank of threads in disorder." It is difficult to understand what this may have been. It would almost seem to give evidence in favour of a view recently put forward, that the light of the corona comes from innumerable streams of meteors in the neighbourhood of the sun.

Some of the rays of the corona during this eclipse were estimated by the younger Struve as nearly eight times the moon's apparent diameter in length, the first instance, be it noted, in which a modern observation has confirmed the account given by MM. Plantade and Capiés in 1706.

In 1851 the Astronomer Royal had a second opportunity of observing the solar corona. It affords interesting evidence of the variability in the appearance of this object according to the circumstances under which it is observed, that Mr. Airy recognized a distinct difference not merely in the extent but in the figure of the corona on this occasion. He says, "The

corona was far broader than that which I saw in 1842. Roughly speaking, its breadth was little less than the moon's diameter, but its outline was very irregular. I did not notice any beams projecting from it which deserved notice as much more conspicuous than the others, but the whole was beamy, radiated in structure, and terminated—though very indefinitely—in a way which reminded me of the ornament frequently placed round a mariner's compass. Its colour was white, or resembling that of Venus. I saw no flickering or unsteadiness of light. It was not separated from the moon by any dark ring, nor had it any annular structure. It looked like a radiated luminous cloud behind the moon."

In 1860 the Astronomer Royal again witnessed the phenomena which accompany a total eclipse of the sun; and again, his evidence respecting the corona assigns to it a figure resembling, "with some irregularities, the ornament round a compass-card."

And now we are approaching, or, rather, we have already reached the era when other modes of research than mere telescopic observation were to be applied to this perplexing phenomenon. In 1860, Mr. De la Rue and the Padre Secchi succeeded in photographing the eclipsed sun; and though but a small portion of the corona is discernible in their photographs, yet it is quite evident, on a careful comparison of pictures taken at stations widely separated, that at least the brighter portion of the corona belongs to the sun. Where the coronal radiance is brightest or extends farthest in Mr. De la Rue's pictures, there also in F. Secchi's can be recognized corresponding peculiarities.

Then, after a considerable interval, came the great eclipse of August, 1868, when an effort was made to apply the powers of the spectroscope to the interpretation of the corona. It is a somewhat singular circumstance, by-the-by, that the results of so important an observation as Major Tennant's spectroscopic study of the corona should be quite commonly misquoted—but so it is. We have before us, as we write, his own statement, in which are the words (*italicized*), "What I saw was undoubtedly a continuous spectrum, and I saw no lines;" followed by the remark, "there may have been dark lines, of course, but with so faint a spectrum . . . they might escape notice." Yet in Roscoe's most valuable treatise on spectrum analysis there occur the words, "Major Tennant states that the spectrum of the corona is the ordinary solar spectrum;" and the American astronomers who observed the eclipse of last year repeat the statement, commenting with surprise on the fact that *they* could see no dark lines in the coronal spectrum.

The distinction between what Major Tennant actually saw and what he is supposed to have seen is most important. If the corona gave a spectrum resembling the sun's, it would be reasonable to conclude that the light of the corona was simply reflected sunlight. But if the spectrum of the corona shows no dark lines we can no longer suppose this. A burning solid gives a rainbow-tinted spectrum of this sort, without dark lines; and though it would not be proved, it would at least be rendered probable, were

this the nature of the coronal spectrum, that the light of the corona comes from actually incandescent substances.

It was hoped that the American astronomers would have obtained decisive results; but a new source of perplexity was introduced by their observations. They satisfied themselves that the coronal spectrum really is continuous, for they observed it under conditions which removed all the doubts referred to by Major Tennant. But superposed upon the faint rainbow-tinted streak they saw bright lines. Professor Harkness saw one line only, but Professor Young saw three.

Now, it is only necessary to know what is the interpretation of a spectral bright line to understand the strange significance of this new observation. A glowing vapour gives a spectrum of bright lines. But surprising as the conclusion would be that the corona consists, either wholly or in part, of glowing vapour, it is when we consider the nature of the vapour indicated by the coronal bright lines that the most startling result of all is suggested. One of the bright lines corresponds in place with a line* belonging to the spectrum of the glowing vapour of *iron*. This metal, which requires so intense a heat for its liquefaction, and, therefore, a yet more tremendous heat to vaporize it, would actually seem (from the evidence) to be present in the form of glowing vapour in the sun's corona. Here are the words of Professor Harkness—who is thoroughly familiar with the laws of spectroscopic analysis—announcing his acceptance of a conclusion as probable, which is so startling that we could not venture to leave it on record without such confirmation, lest haply the reader should regard it as simply arising from a misinterpretation of the evidence:—"I consider the conclusion highly probable, if not actually proved, that the corona is a very rarefied self-luminous atmosphere surrounding the sun, and, perhaps, principally composed of the incandescent vapour of iron." And what renders the conclusion so much the more remarkable is that Professor Harkness has adduced evidence to show that the heat of the summits of the coloured prominences is such as would be insufficient to vaporize iron. The corona would be less heated, one would suppose, than the prominences which lie so much nearer to the sun.

Such are the observations which astronomers and physicists have made upon the corona. We have indicated in passing some of the theories suggested by special observations, but we have now to inquire what are the general results to which this series of researches, regarded as a whole, appears to tend.

The theories which have been put forward by astronomers in explanation of the solar corona are not many in number, and some of them need not occupy us for any length of time, as modern researches have practically disposed of them.

The theory that the corona is due to a lunar atmosphere is associated with the names of the eminent astronomers Kepler and Halley. It is probable that the latter would have been even more confident of its truth

than he actually was, had it not been that the opinion of his great friend Newton was opposed to this theory. Such, at least, has been the interpretation placed upon Halley's remark that "the contrary sentiments of one whose judgment he should always revere" caused him to feel doubtful as to Kepler's theory.

We now know quite certainly that the moon has no atmosphere which could account for the appearance of the corona. It is doubtful whether the moon has any atmosphere at all; but most assuredly if she have any it must be very limited in extent. When the moon passes over a star, the disappearance of the star is quite sudden; there is no sign whatever of that gradual diminution of the star's light which would undoubtedly be recognized if the moon had an atmosphere of appreciable extent.

The French astronomers La Hire and De Lisle put forward two theories, which may also be dismissed as untenable in the presence of recent researches. According to each theory, the appearance of the corona is caused by an action on the sun's rays, that action taking place at the edge of the moon's disc—the difference between the two theories being that La Hire ascribed the action to the inequalities of the moon's surface and their power of reflecting the solar rays, while De Lisle supposed that the sun's rays were diffracted at the moon's edge. We owe to Baden Powell and Sir David Brewster the disproof of De Lisle's theory, De Lisle himself having disposed of La Hire's.

There remain, then, only those two theories to consider, which, at the present time, divide the attention of astronomers. According to one the corona is a true solar appendage, and one of the most remarkable features in the universe; according to the other the corona is simply a terrestrial phenomenon, due to the passage of the sun's rays through our own atmosphere. The latter theory is that advanced by M. Faye, and is supported by Mr. Lockyer, the skilful solar spectroscopist; the former is the opinion entertained by Sir John Herschel and the Astronomer Royal, and has recently been advocated somewhat earnestly in papers communicated to the Royal Astronomical Society. It is hoped that the observations to be made during the eclipse of next December will set the question finally at rest. In the meantime let us briefly consider the arguments adduced for and against the rival theories.

We owe to the researches of Dr. Frankland and Mr. Lockyer one of the most effective arguments against the theory that the corona is a solar atmosphere. It will be obvious that if the corona be such an atmosphere, it will exert a pressure upon the sun's surface corresponding to that pressure which our own atmosphere exerts upon the surface of the earth. But then the pressure exerted by the coronal atmosphere would be incalculably greater. Our own atmosphere, we have reason to believe, does not extend much more than 100 miles above the sea-level. Now the corona is visible, under favourable circumstances, at a distance from the sun equal to his own diameter—setting aside all considerations of the

radial projections. In other words it certainly does not extend less than 850,000 miles from his surface. Regarded as an atmosphere, therefore, the corona is certainly not less than 8,000 times as deep as our own. On this account alone the pressure it would exert would be enormously greater. For it is to be noted that the pressure exerted by our air would not be merely doubled were the height of the atmosphere doubled, trebled were that height trebled, and so on, but would increase at a much more rapid rate. If a mine were sunk into the earth in order to measure the increase of atmospheric pressure with depth, instead of a depth of 100 miles being required in order to have a double pressure, only $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles would be needed. At the bottom of a mine 7 miles deep the pressure would be four times as great as at the sea-level; $10\frac{1}{2}$ miles deep the pressure would be eight times as great; 14 miles deep the pressure would be sixteen times as great, and so on, like the expense of the miser's grave, "doubling as we descend" for every $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It requires no great knowledge of arithmetic to see that the pressure at a depth of 100 miles or so would be millions of times greater than that at the sea-level.* It will be seen, therefore, how inconceivably great the pressure exerted by a solar atmosphere some 8,000 times as deep as ours would necessarily be, let the nature of the gases composing it be what it may.

But even this is not all. We have hitherto only compared the height of the supposed solar atmosphere with that of the earth's. We must not forget that the sun's attractive energy so enormously exceeds the earth's that even though his atmosphere were no deeper than ours (and similarly constituted) the pressure exerted on his surface would be enormously increased. If a man could be placed on the solar surface his own weight would crush him as effectually as though while on the earth a weight of a couple of tons were heaped upon him. In precisely the same way the pressure of the solar atmosphere is increased by the enormous force with which the sun drags towards himself every particle composing that atmosphere.

Now it happens that we know quite well that the pressure exerted by the real solar atmosphere even close by the bright surface which forms the visible globe of the sun, is nothing like so great as it would be if the corona formed part of that atmosphere. The bright lines constituting the spectrum of the coloured prominences would be many times thicker than they are if the pressure were so great; for spectroscopists have found, by means of experiments made in the laboratory, that with increase of pressure the spectral bright lines of a gas increase in thickness.

Here, then, we have the most conclusive proof possible that the corona is not a solar atmosphere.

But, on the other hand, those who argue that the corona is a solar appendage, ask how it happens, if the phenomenon is due to the illumination of our own atmosphere, that the moon looks black in the very heart of

* The actual number representing the proportionate pressure would consist of no less than nine figures, being very nearly two hundred millions.

this illumination. If our air were illuminated, its light would extend over the moon also—since the moon lies so far beyond its limits; whereas the moon is as a dark disc on the background of the coronal light. This very word background, obviously applicable to the corona as actually seen, indicates that the source of the coronal light is beyond the moon.

Here, then (to mention no other considerations), we have the most conclusive evidence that the corona is not a phenomenon of our own atmosphere.

But then the corona is clearly *somewhere and something*. If its light comes from beyond the moon, we need not doubt that it comes from the sun's neighbourhood; and again, if the corona is not a solar atmosphere, we can scarcely doubt that it is a solar appendage. It would seem to follow that the corona is due to bodies of some sort travelling around the sun, and by their motion preserved either from falling towards him (in which case the corona would quickly disappear) or from producing any pressure upon his surface, as an atmosphere would.

Whatever the corona may be, it is clear that regarding it as a solar appendage—a conclusion which seems forced upon us by the evidence—it is presented to us as one of the most striking and imposing of all the phenomena of the solar system. It is a fitting crown of glory for that orb which sways the planets by its attraction, warms them by its fires, illuminates them by the splendour of its light, and pours forth on all of them the electric and chemic influences which are as necessary as light and heat for the welfare of their inhabitants.



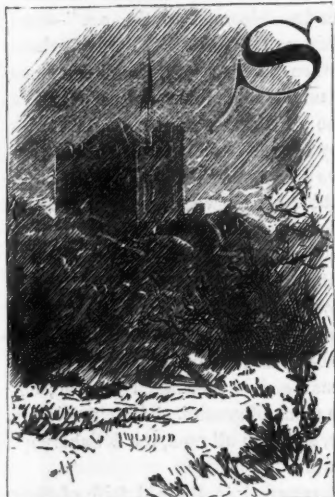


"WHAT LARK HAVE YOU BEEN ON, MASTER JOE?"

Lord Kilgobbin.

CHAPTER I.

KILGOBBIN CASTLE.



SOME one has said that almost all that Ireland possesses of picturesque beauty is to be found on, or in the immediate neighbourhood of, the sea-board; and if we except some brief patches of river scenery on the "Nore" and the "Blackwater," and a part of Lough Erne, the assertion is not devoid of truth. The dreary expanse called the Bog of Allen, which occupies a high table-land in the centre of the island, stretches away for miles flat, sad-coloured, and monotonous, fissured in every direction by channels of dark-tinted water, in which the very fish take the same sad colour. This tract is almost without trace of habitation, save where, at distant

intervals, utter destitution has raised a mud-hovel undistinguishable from the hillocks of turf around it.

Fringing this broad waste, little patches of cultivation are to be seen: small potato-gardens, as they are called, or a few roods of oats, green even in the late autumn; but, strangely enough, with nothing to show where the humble tiller of the soil was living, nor, often, any visible road to these isolated spots of culture. Gradually, however—but very gradually—the prospect brightens. Fields with enclosures, and a cabin or two, are to be met with; a solitary tree, generally an ash, will be seen; some rude instrument of husbandry, or an ass-cart, will show that we are emerging from the region of complete destitution and approaching a land of at least struggling civilization. At last, and by a transition that is not always easy to mark, the scene glides into those rich pasture-lands and well-tilled farms that form the wealth of the Midland Counties. Gentlemen's seats and waving plantations succeed, and we are in a country of comfort and abundance.

On this border-land between fertility and destitution, and on a tract which had probably once been part of the Bog itself, there stood—there stands still—a short, square tower, battlemented at top, and surmounted with a pointed roof, which seems to grow out of a cluster of farm-buildings, so surrounded is its base by roofs of thatch and slates. Incongruous, vulgar, and ugly in every way, the old keep appears to look down on them—time-worn and battered as it is—as might a reduced gentleman regard the unworthy associates with which an altered fortune had linked him. This is all that remains of Kilgobbin Castle.

In the guide-books we read that it was once a place of strength and importance, and that Hugh de Lacy—the same bold knight “who had won all Ireland for the English from the Shannon to the sea”—had taken this castle from a native chieftain called Neal O’Caharney, whose family he had slain, all save one; and then it adds: “Sir Hugh came one day, with three Englishmen, that he might show them the castle, when there came to him a youth of the men of Meath—a certain Gilla Naher O’Mahey, foster-brother of O’Caharney himself—with his battle-axe concealed beneath his cloak, and while De Lacy was reading the petition he gave him, he dealt him such a blow that his head flew off many yards away, both head and body being afterwards buried in the ditch of the castle.”

The annals of Kilronan further relate that the O’Caharneys became adherents of the English—dropping their Irish designation, and calling themselves Kearney; and in this way were restored to a part of the lands and the Castle of Kilgobbin—“by favour of which act of grace,” says the Chronicle, “they were bound to raise a becoming monument over the brave knight Hugh de Lacy whom their kinsman had so treacherously slain; but they did no more of this than one large stone of granite, and no inscription thereon: thus showing that at all times, and with all men, the O’Caharneys were false knaves and untrue to their word.”

In later times, again, the Kearneys returned to the old faith of their fathers and followed the fortunes of King James; one of them, Michael O’Kearney, having acted as aide-de-camp at the “Boyne,” and conducted the king to Kilgobbin, where he passed the night after the defeat, and, as the tradition records, held a Court the next morning, at which he thanked the owner of the castle for his hospitality, and created him on the spot a viscount by the style and title of Lord Kilgobbin.

It is needless to say, that the newly-created noble saw good reason to keep his elevation to himself. They were somewhat critical times just then for the adherents of the lost cause, and the followers of King William were keen at scenting out any disloyalty that might be turned to good account by a confiscation. The Kearneys, however, were prudent. They entertained a Dutch officer, Van Straaten, on King William’s staff, and gave such valuable information besides, as to the condition of the country, that no suspicions of disloyalty attached to them.

To these succeeded more peaceful times, during which the Kearneys were more engaged in endeavouring to reconstruct the fallen condition of

their fortunes than in political intrigue. Indeed a very small portion of the original estate now remained to them, and of what once had produced above four thousand a year, there was left a property barely worth eight hundred.

The present owner, with whose fortunes we are more immediately concerned, was a widower. Maurice Kearney's family consisted of a son and a daughter, the former about two-and-twenty, the latter four years younger, though, to all appearance, there did not seem a year between them.

Maurice Kearney himself was a man of about fifty-four or fifty-six; hale, handsome, and powerful; his snow-white hair and bright complexion, with his full grey eyes and regular teeth, giving him an air of genial cordiality at first sight which was fully confirmed by further acquaintance. So long as the world went well with him, Maurice seemed to enjoy life thoroughly, and even its rubs he bore with an easy jocularly that showed what a stout heart he could oppose to fortune. A long minority had provided him with a considerable sum on his coming of age, but he spent it freely, and when it was exhausted continued to live on at the same rate as before, till at last, as creditors grew pressing, and mortgagees threatened foreclosure, he saw himself reduced to something less than one-fifth of his former outlay; and though he seemed to address himself to the task with a bold spirit and a resolute mind, the old habits were too deeply rooted to be eradicated, and the pleasant companionship of his equals, his life at the club in Dublin, his joyous conviviality, no longer possible, he suffered himself to descend to an inferior rank, and sought his associates amongst humbler men, whose flattering reception of him soon reconciled him to his fallen condition. His companions were now the small farmers of the neighbourhood and the shopkeepers in the adjoining town of Moate, to whose habits and modes of thought and expression he gradually conformed, till it became positively irksome to himself to keep the company of his equals. Whether, however, it was that age had breached the stronghold of his good spirits, or that conscience rebuked him for having derogated from his station, certain it is that all his buoyancy failed him when away from society, and that in the quietness of his home he was depressed and dispirited to a degree, and to that genial temper, which once he could count on against every reverse that befell him, there now succeeded an irritable, peevish spirit that led him to attribute every annoyance he met with to some fault or shortcoming of others.

By his neighbours in the town and by his tenantry he was always addressed as "my Lord," and treated with all the deference that pertained to such difference of station. By the gentry, however, when at rare occasions he met them, he was known as Mr. Kearney, and in the village post-office the letters with the name Maurice Kearney, Esq., were perpetual reminders of what rank was accorded him by that wider section of the world that lived beyond the shadow of Kilgobbin Castle.

Perhaps the impossible task of serving two masters is never more palpably displayed than when the attempt attaches to a divided identity

—when a man tries to be himself in two distinct parts in life, without the slightest misgiving of hypocrisy while doing so. Maurice Kearney not only did not assume any pretension to nobility amongst his equals, but he would have felt that any reference to his title from one of them would have been an impertinence, and an impertinence to be resented; while, at the same time, had a shopkeeper of Moate, or one of the tenants, addressed him as other than “my Lord” he would not have deigned him a notice.

Strangely enough, this divided allegiance did not merely prevail with the outer world, it actually penetrated within his walls. By his son, Richard Kearney, he was always called “my Lord;” while Kate as persistently addressed and spoke of him as Papa. Nor was this difference without signification as to their separate natures and tempers.

Had Maurice Kearney contrived to divide the two parts of his nature, and bequeathed all his pride, his vanity, and his pretensions to his son, while he gave his light-heartedness, his buoyancy, and kindness, to his daughter, the partition could not have been more perfect. Richard Kearney was full of an insolent pride of birth. Contrasting the position of his father with that held by his grandfather, he resented the downfall as the act of a dominant faction, eager to outrage the old race, and the old religion of Ireland. Kate took a very different view of their condition. She clung, indeed, to the notion of their good blood, but as a thing that might assuage many of the pangs of adverse fortune, not increase nor embitter them; and “if we are ever to emerge,” thought she, “from this poor state, we shall meet our class without any of the shame of a mushroom origin. It will be a restoration, and not a new elevation.” She was a fine, handsome, fearless girl, whom many said ought to have been a boy; but this was rather intended as a covert slight on the narrower nature and peevish temperament of her brother—another way, indeed, of saying that they should have exchanged conditions.

The listless indolence of her father’s life, and the almost complete absence from home of her brother, who was pursuing his studies at the Dublin University, had given over to her charge not only the household, but no small share of the management of the estate—all, in fact, that an old land steward, a certain Peter Gill, would permit her to exercise; for Peter was a very absolute and despotic grand Vizier, and if it had not been that he could neither read nor write, it would have been utterly impossible to have wrested from him a particle of power over the property. This happy defect in his education—happy so far as Kate’s rule was concerned—gave her the one claim she could prefer to any superiority over him, and his obstinacy could never be effectually overcome, except by confronting him with a written document or a column of figures. Before these, indeed, he would stand crestfallen and abashed. Some strange terror seemed to possess him as to the peril of opposing himself to such inscrutable testimony—a fear, be it said, he never felt in contesting an oral witness,

Peter had one resource, however, and I am not sure that a similar stronghold has not secured the power of greater men and in higher functions. Peter's sway was of so varied and complicated a kind ; the duties he discharged were so various, manifold, and conflicting ; the measures he took with the people, whose destinies were committed to him, were so thoroughly devised, by reference to the peculiar condition of each man—what he could do, or bear, or submit to—and not by any sense of justice ; that a sort of government grew up over the property full of hitches, contingencies, and compensations, and of which none but he who had invented the machinery could possibly pretend to the direction. The estate being, to use his own words, "so like the old coach-harness, so full of knots, splices, and entanglements, there was not another man in Ireland could make it work, and if another were to try it, it would all come to pieces in his hands."

Kate was shrewd enough to see this ; and in the same way that she had admiringly watched Peter as he knotted a trace here and supplemented a strap there, strengthening a weak point, and providing for casualties, even the least likely, she saw him dealing with the tenantry on the property ; and in the same spirit that he made allowance for sickness here and misfortune there, he would be as prompt to screw up a lagging tenant to the last penny, and secure the landlord in the share of any season of prosperity.

Had the Government Commissioner, sent to report on the state of land tenure in Ireland, confined himself to a visit to the estate of Lord Kilgobbin—for so we like to call him—it is just possible that the Cabinet would have found the task of legislation even more difficult than they have already admitted it to be.

First of all, not a tenant on the estate had any certain knowledge of how much land he held. There had been no survey of the property for years. "It will be made up to you," was Gill's phrase about everything. "What matters if you have an acre more or an acre less ?" Neither had any one a lease, or, indeed, a writing of any kind. Gill settled that on the 25th March and 25th September a certain sum was to be forthcoming, and that was all. When the lord wanted them they were always to give him a hand, which often meant with their carts and horses, especially in harvest time. Not that they were a hard-worked or hard-working population : they took life very easy, seeing that by no possible exertion could they materially better themselves ; and even when they hunted a neighbour's cow out of their wheat, they would execute the eviction with a lazy indolence and sluggishness that took away from the act all semblance of ungenerousness.

They were very poor, their hovels were wretched, their clothes ragged, and their food scanty ; but, with all that, they were not discontented, and very far from unhappy. There was no prosperity at hand to contrast with their poverty. The world was, on the whole, pretty much as they always remembered it. They would have liked to be "better off" if they knew

how, but they did not know if there was a "better off"—much less how to come at it; and if there were, Peter Gill certainly did not tell them of it.

If a stray visitor to fair or market brought back the news that there was an agitation abroad for a new settlement of the land, that popular orators were proclaiming the poor man's rights, and denouncing the cruelties of the landlord, if they heard that men were talking of repealing the laws which secured property to the owner and only admitted him to a sort of partnership with the tiller of the soil, old Gill speedily assured them that these were changes only to be adopted in Ulster where the tenants were rack-rented and treated like slaves. "Which of you here," would he say, "can come forward and say he was ever evicted?" Now as the term was one of which none had the very vaguest conception,—it might, for aught they knew, have been an operation in surgery,—the appeal was an overwhelming success. "Sorra doubt of it, but could Peter's right, and there's worse places to live in, and worse landlords to live under, than the Lord." Not but it taxed Gill's skill and cleverness to maintain this quarantine against the outer world; and he often felt like Prince Metternich in a like strait—that it would only be a question of time, and, in the long run, the newspaper fellows must win.

From what has been said, therefore, it may be imagined that Kilgobbin was not a model estate, nor Peter Gill exactly the sort of witness from which a select committee would have extracted any valuable suggestions for the construction of a land code.

Anything short of Kate Kearney's fine temper and genial disposition would have broken down by daily dealing with this cross-grained, wrong-headed, and obstinate old fellow, whose ideas of management all centred in craft and subtlety—outwitting this man, forestalling that—doing everything by halves, so that no boon came unassociated with some contingency or other by which he secured to himself unlimited power and uncontrolled tyranny.

As Gill was in perfect possession of her father's confidence, to oppose him in anything was a task of no mean difficulty; and the mere thought that the old fellow should feel offended and throw up his charge—a threat he had more than once half hinted—was a terror Kilgobbin could not have faced. Nor was this her only care. There was Dick continually dunning her for remittances, and importuning her for means to supply his extravagances. "I suspected how it would be," wrote he once, "with a lady paymaster. And when my father told me I was to look to you for my allowance, I accepted the information as a heavy percentage taken off my beggarly income. What could you—what could any young girl—know of the requirements of a man going out into the best society of a capital? To derive any benefit from associating with these people I must at least seem to live like them. I am received as the son of a man of condition and property, and you want to bound my habits by those of my chum, Joe Atlee, whose father is starving somewhere on the pay of a Presbyterian minister. Even Joe himself laughs at the notion of gauging my expenses by his.

"If this is to go on—I mean if you intend to persist in this plan—be frank enough to say so at once, and I will either take pupils, or seek a clerkship, or go off to Australia; and I care precious little which of the three.

"I know what a proud thing it is for whoever manages the revenue to come forward and show a surplus. Chancellors of the Exchequer make great reputations in that fashion; but there are certain economies that lie close to revolutions; now don't risk this, nor don't be above taking a hint from one some years older than you, though he neither rules his father's house nor metes out his pocket-money."

Such, and such like, were the epistles she received from time to time, and though frequency blunted something of their sting, and their injustice gave her a support against their sarcasm, she read and thought over them in a spirit of bitter mortification. Of course she showed none of these letters to her father. He indeed only asked if Dick were well, or if he were soon going up for that scholarship or fellowship,—he did not know which nor was he to blame,—"which, after all, it was hard on a Kearney to stoop to accept, only that times were changed with us! and we weren't what we used to be"—a reflection so overwhelming that he generally felt unable to dwell on it.

CHAPTER II.

THE PRINCE KOSTALERGI.

MAURICE KEARNEY had once a sister whom he dearly loved, and whose sad fate lay very heavily on his heart, for he was not without self-accusings on the score of it. Matilda Kearney had been a belle of the Irish court and a toast at the club when Maurice was a young fellow in town; and he had been very proud of her beauty, and tasted a full share of those attentions which often fall to the lot of brothers of handsome girls.

Then Matty was an heiress, that is, she had twelve thousand pounds in her own right; and Ireland was not such a California as to make a very pretty girl with twelve thousand pounds an every-day chance. She had numerous offers of marriage, and with the usual luck in such cases, there were commonplace unattractive men with good means, and there were clever and agreeable fellows without sixpence, all alike ineligible. Matty had that infusion of romance in her nature that few, if any, Irish girls are free from, and which made her desire that the man of her choice should be something out of the common. She would have liked a soldier who had won distinction in the field. The idea of military fame was very dear to her Irish heart, and she fancied with what pride she would hang upon the arm of one, whose gay trappings and gold embroidery emblemized the career he followed. If not a soldier she would have liked a great orator, some leader in debate that men would rush down to hear, and whose glowing words would be gathered up and repeated as though

inspirations : after that a poet, and perhaps—not a painter—a sculptor, she thought, might do.

With such aspirations as these it is not surprising that she rejected the offers of those comfortable fellows in Meath, or Louth, whose military glories were militia drills, and whose eloquence was confined to the bench of magistrates.

At three-and-twenty she was in the full blaze of her beauty ; at three-and-thirty she was still unmarried ; her looks on the wane, but her romance stronger than ever, not untinged perhaps with a little bitterness towards that sex which had not afforded one man of merit enough to woo and win her. Partly out of pique with a land so barren of all that could minister to imagination, partly in anger with her brother who had been urging her to a match she disliked, she went abroad to travel, wandered about for a year or two, and at last found herself one winter at Naples.

There was at that time, as secretary to the Greek legation, a young fellow whom repute called the handsomest man in Europe ; he was a certain Spiridion Kostalergi, whose title was Prince of Delos, though whether there was such a principality, or that he was its representative, society was not fully agreed upon. At all events, Miss Kearney met him at a court ball, when he wore his national costume, looking, it must be owned, so splendidly handsome that all thought of his princely rank was forgotten in presence of a face and figure that recalled the highest triumphs of ancient art. It was Antinous come to life in an embroidered cap and a gold worked jacket, and it was Antinous with a voice like Mario, and who waltzed in perfection. This splendid creature, a modern Alcibiades in gifts of mind and graces, soon heard, amongst his other triumphs, how a rich and handsome Irish girl had fallen in love with him at first sight. He had himself been struck by her good looks and her stylish air, and learning that there could be no doubt about her fortune, he lost no time in making his advances. Before the end of the first week of their acquaintance he proposed. She referred him to her brother before she could consent ; and though, when Kostalergi inquired amongst her English friends, none had ever heard of a Lord Kilgobbin, the fact of his being Irish explained their ignorance, not to say, that Kearney's reply being a positive refusal of consent, so fully satisfied the Greek that it was "a good thing," he pressed his suit with a most passionate ardour : threatened to kill himself if she persisted in rejecting him, and so worked upon her heart by his devotion, or on her pride by the thought of his position, that she yielded, and within three weeks from the day they first met, she became the Princess of Delos.

When a Greek, holding any public employ, marries money, his Government is usually prudent enough to promote him. It is a recognition of the merit that others have discovered, and a wise administration marches with the inventions of the age it lives in. Kostalergi's chief was consequently recalled, suffered to fall back upon his previous obscurity—

he had been a commission-agent for a house in the Greek trade—and the Prince of Delos gazetted as Minister Plenipotentiary of Greece, with the first class of St. Salvador, in recognition of his services to the state; no one being indiscreet enough to add that the aforesaid services were comprised in marrying an Irishwoman with a dowry of — to quote the *Athenian Hemera*—“three hundred and fifty thousand drachmas.”

For a while—it was a very brief while—the romantic mind of the Irish girl was raised to a sort of transport of enjoyment. Here was everything—more than everything—her most glowing imagination had ever conceived. Love, ambition, station, all gratified, though, to be sure, she had quarrelled with her brother, who had returned her last letters unopened. Maurice, she thought, was too good-hearted to bear a long grudge; he would see her happiness, he would hear what a devoted and good husband her dear Spiridion had proved himself, and he would forgive her at last.

Though, as was well known, the Greek Envoy received but a very moderate salary from his Government, and even that not paid with a strict punctuality, the legation was maintained with a splendour that rivalled, if not surpassed, those of France, England, or Russia. The Prince of Delos led the fashion in equipage, as did the Princess in toilette; their dinners, their balls, their fêtes, attracted the curiosity of even the highest to witness them; and to such a degree of notoriety had the Greek hospitality attained, that Naples at last admitted that without the Palazzo Kostalergi there would be nothing to attract strangers to the capital.

Play, so invariably excluded from the habits of an Embassy, was carried on at this legation to such an excess that the clubs were completely deserted, and all the young men of gambling tastes flocked here each night, sure to find lansquenets or faro, and for stakes which no public table could possibly supply. It was not alone that this life of a gambler estranged Kostalergi from his wife, but that the scandal of his infidelities had reached her also, just at the time when some vague glimmering suspicions of his utter worthlessness were breaking on her mind. The birth of a little girl did not seem in the slightest degree to renew the ties between them; on the contrary, the embarrassment of a baby and the cost it must entail, were the only considerations he would entertain, and it was a constant question of his—uttered, too, with a tone of sarcasm that cut her to the heart:—“Would not her brother—the Lord Irlandais—like to have that baby? Would she not write and ask him?” Unpleasant stories had long been rife about the play at the Greek legation, when a young Russian secretary, of high family and influence, lost an immense sum under circumstances which determined him to refuse payment. Kostalergi, who had been the chief winner, refused everything like inquiry or examination; in fact, he made investigation impossible, for the cards, which the Russian had declared to be marked, the Greek gathered up slowly from the table and threw them into the fire, pressing his foot upon them in the flames, and then calmly returning to where the other stood, he

struck him across the face with his open hand, saying as he did it: "Here is another debt to repudiate, and before the same witnesses also!"

The outrage did not admit of delay, the arrangements were made in an instant, and within half-an-hour—merely time enough to send for a surgeon—they met at the end of the garden of the legation. The Russian fired first, and, though a consummate pistol-shot, agitation at the insult so unnerved him that he missed; his ball cut the knot of Kostalergi's cravat. The Greek took a calm and deliberate aim, and sent his bullet through the other's forehead. He fell without a word, stone dead.

Though the duel had been a fair one, and the *procès verbal* drawn up and agreed on both sides showed that all had been done loyally, the friends of the young Russian had influence to make the Greek Government not only recall the Envoy, but actually the mission itself.

For some years the Kostalergis lived in retirement at Palermo, not knowing, nor known to any one. Their means were now so reduced that they had barely sufficient for daily life, and, though the Greek Prince—as he was called—constantly appeared on the public promenade well dressed, and in all the pride of his handsome figure, it was currently said that his wife was literally dying of want.

It was only after long and agonizing suffering that she ventured to write to her brother, and appeal to him for advice and assistance. But at last she did so, and a correspondence grew up which, in a measure, restored the affection between them. When Kostalergi discovered the source from which his wretched wife now drew her consolation and her courage, he forbade her to write more, and himself addressed a letter to Kearney so insulting and offensive—charging him even with causing the discord of his home, and showing the letter to his wife before sending it—that the poor woman, long failing in health and broken-down, sank soon after, and died so destitute, that the very funeral was paid for by a subscription amongst her countrymen. Kostalergi had left her some days before her death, carrying the girl along with him, nor was his whereabouts learned for a considerable time.

When next he emerged into the world it was at Rome, where he gave lessons in music and modern languages, in many of which he was a proficient. His splendid appearance, his captivating address, his thorough familiarity with the modes of society, gave him the *entrée* to many houses where his talents amply requited the hospitality he received. He possessed, amongst his other gifts, an immense amount of plausibility, and people found it, besides, very difficult to believe ill of that well-bred, somewhat retiring, man, who, in circumstances of the very narrowest fortunes, not only looked and dressed like a gentleman, but actually brought up a daughter with a degree of care and an amount of regard to her education that made him appear a model parent.

Nina Kostalergi was then about seventeen, though she looked at least three years older. She was a tall, slight, pale girl, with perfectly regular features—so classic in the mould, and so devoid of any expression, that

she recalled the face one sees on a cameo. Her hair was of wondrous beauty—that rich gold colour which has “reflets” through it, as the light falls full or faint, and of an abundance that taxed her ingenuity to dress it. They gave her the soubriquet of the Titian Girl at Rome whenever she appeared abroad.

In the only letter Kearney had received from his brother-in-law after his sister's death was an insolent demand for a sum of money, which he alleged that Kearney was unjustly withholding, and which he now threatened to enforce by law. “I am well aware,” wrote he, “what measure of honour or honesty I am to expect from a man whose very name and designation are a deceit. But probably prudence will suggest how much better it would be on this occasion to simulate rectitude than risk the shame of an open exposure.”

To this gross insult Kearney never deigned any reply; and now more than two years passed without any tidings of his disreputable relation, when there came one morning a letter with the Roman post-mark, and addressed, “à Monsieur le Vicomte de Kilgobbin, à son Château de Kilgobbin, en Irlande.” To the honour of the officials in the Irish post-office, it was forwarded to Kilgobbin with the words, “Try Maurice Kearney, Esq.,” in the corner.

A glance at the writing showed it was not in Kostalergi's hand, and, after a moment or two of hesitation, Kearney opened it. He turned at once for the writer's name, and read the words, “Nina Kostalergi,”—his sister's child! “Poor Matty,” was all he could say for some minutes. He remembered the letter in which she told him of her little girl's birth, and implored his forgiveness for herself and his love for her baby. “I want both, my dear brother,” wrote she; “for though the bonds we make for ourselves by our passions——” And the rest of the sentence was erased—she evidently thinking she had delineated all that could give a clue to a despondent reflection.

The present letter was written in English, but in that quaint peculiar hand Italians often write in. It begun by asking forgiveness for daring to write to him, and recalling the details of the relationship between them, as though he could not have remembered it. “I am, then, in my right,” wrote she, “when I address you as my dear, dear uncle, of whom I have heard so much, and whose name was in my prayers ere I knew why I knelt to pray.”

Then followed a piteous appeal—it was actually a cry for protection. Her father, she said, had determined to devote her to the stage, and already had taken steps to sell her—she said she used the word advisedly—for so many years to the impresario of the Fenice at Venice, her voice and musical skill being such as to give hope of her becoming a prima donna. She had, she said, frequently sung at private parties at Rome, but only knew within the last few days that she had been, not a guest, but a paid performer. Overwhelmed with the shame and indignity of this false position, she implored her mother's brother to compassionate

her. "If I could not become a governess, I could be your servant, dearest uncle," she wrote. "I only ask a roof to shelter me and a refuge. May I go to you? I would beg my way on foot if I only knew that at the last your heart and your door would be open to me, and as I fell at your feet, knew that I was saved."

Until a few days ago, she said, she had by her some little trinkets her mother had left her, and on which she counted as a means of escape, but her father had discovered them and taken them from her.

"If you answer this—and oh! let me not doubt you will—write to me to the care of the Signori Cayani and Battistella, bankers, Rome. Do not delay, but remember that I am friendless, and but for this chance hopeless.

"Your niece, NINA KOSTALERGI."

While Kearney gave this letter to his daughter to read, he walked up and down the room with his head bent and his hands deep in his pockets.

"I think I know the answer you'll send to this, papa," said the girl, looking up at him with a glow of pride and affection in her face. "I do not need that you should say it."

"It will take fifty—no, not fifty, but five-and-thirty pounds to bring her over here, and how is she to come all alone?"

Kate made no reply; she knew the danger sometimes of interrupting his own solution of a difficulty.

"She's a big girl, I suppose, by this—fourteen or fifteen?"

"Over nineteen, papa."

"So she is, I was forgetting. That scoundrel, her father, might come after her; he'd have the right if he wished to enforce it, and what a scandal he'd bring upon us all!"

"But would he care to do it? Is he not more likely to be glad to be disembarassed of her charge?"

"Not if he was going to sell her—not if he could convert her into money."

"He has never been in England; he may not know how far the law would give him any power over her."

"Don't trust that, Kate; a blackguard always can find out how much is in his favour everywhere. If he doesn't know it now, he'd know it the day after he landed." He paused an instant, and then said: "There will be the devil to pay with old Peter Gill, for he'll want all the cash I can scrape together for Loughrea fair. He counts on having eighty sheep down there at the long crofts, and a cow or two besides. That's money's worth, girl!"

Another silence followed, after which he said; "and I think worse of the Greek scoundrel than all the cost."

"Somehow, I have no fear that he'll come here?"

"You'll have to talk over Peter, Kitty,"—he always said Kitty when he meant to coax her. "He'll mind you, and at all events you don't care about his grumbling. Tell him it's a sudden call on me for railroad

shares, or,"—and here he winked knowingly—"say, it's going to Rome the money is, and for the Pope!"

"That's an excellent thought, papa," said she laughing; "I'll certainly tell him the money is going to Rome, and you'll write soon—you see with what anxiety she expects your answer."

"I'll write to-night when the house is quiet, and there's no racket nor disturbance about me." Now though Kearney said this with a perfect conviction of its truth and reasonableness, it would have been very difficult for any one to say, in what that racket he spoke of consisted, or wherein the quietude of even midnight was greater than that which prevailed there at noonday. Never, perhaps, were lives more completely still or monotonous than theirs. People who derive no interests from the outer world, who know nothing of what goes on in life, gradually subside into a condition in which reflection takes the place of conversation, and lose all zest and all necessity for that small talk which serves, like the changes of a game, to while away time, and by the aid of which, if we do no more, we often delude the cares and worries of existence.

A kind good morning when they met, and a few words during the day—some mention of this or that event of the farm or the labourers, and rare enough too—some little incident that happened amongst the tenants, made all the materials of their intercourse, and filled up lives which either would very freely have owned were far from unhappy.

Dick, indeed, when he came home and was weather-bound for a day, did lament his sad destiny, and mutter half intelligible nonsense of what he would not rather do than descend to such a melancholy existence; but in all his complainings he never made Kate discontented with her lot, or desire anything beyond it.

"It's all very well," he would say, "till you know something better."

"But I want no better?"

"Do you mean you'd like to go through life in this fashion?"

"I can't pretend to say what I may feel as I grow older; but if I could be sure to be as I am now, I could ask nothing better."

"I must say, it's a very inglorious life?" said he, with a sneer.

"So it is, but how many, many I ask, are there who lead glorious lives? Is there any glory in dining out, in dancing, visiting and picnicking? Where is the great glory of the billiard-table, or the croquet-lawn? No, no, my dear Dick, the only glory that falls to the share of such humble folks as we are, is to have something to do, and to do it."

Such were the sort of passages would now and then occur between them, little contests be it said in which she usually came off the conqueror.

If she were to have a wish gratified it would have been a few more books—something besides those odd volumes of Scott's novels, *Zeluco* by Doctor Moore, and *Florence McCarthy*, which comprised her whole library, and which she read over and over unceasingly. She was now in her usual place—a deep window-seat—intently occupied with Amy Robsart's sorrows, when her father came to read what he had written

in answer to Nina. If it was very brief it was very affectionate. It told her in a few words that she had no need to recall the ties of their relationship; that his heart never ceased to remind him of them; that his home was a very dull one, but that her cousin Kate would try and make it a happy one to her; entreated her to confer with the banker, to whom he remitted forty pounds, in what way she could make the journey, since he was too broken in health himself to go and fetch her. "It is a bold step I am counselling you to take. It is no light thing to quit a father's home, and I have my misgivings how far I am a wise adviser in recommending it. There is, however, a present peril, and I must try, if I can, to save you from it. Perhaps, in my old world notions, I attach to the thought of the stage ideas that you would only smile at; but none of our race, so far as I know, fell to that condition—nor must you while I have a roof to shelter you.

"If you would write and say about what time I might expect you, I would try to meet you on your landing in England at Dover.

"Kate sends you her warmest love, and longs to see you."

This was the whole of it. But a brief line to the bankers said that any expense they judged needful to her safe convoy across Europe would be gratefully repaid by him.

"Is it all right, dear? Have I forgotten anything?" asked he, as Kate read it over.

"It's everything, papa,—everything. And I *do* long to see her."

"I hope she's like Matty—if she's only like her poor mother, it will make my heart young again to look at her."

CHAPTER III.

"THE CHUMS."

IN that old square of Trinity College, Dublin, one side of which fronts the Park, and in chambers on the ground floor, an oak door bore the names of "Kearney and Atlee."

Kearney was the son of Lord Kilgobbin; Atlee, his chum, the son of a Presbyterian minister in the north of Ireland, had been four years in the university, but was still in his freshman period, not from any deficiency of scholarlike ability to push on, but that, as the poet of the *Seasons* lay in bed, because he "had no motive for rising," Joe Atlee felt that there need be no urgency about taking a degree which, when he had got, he should be sorely puzzled to know what to do with. He was a clever, ready-witted, but capricious fellow, fond of pleasure, and self-indulgent to a degree that ill suited his very smallest of fortunes, for his father was a poor man, with a large family, and had already embarrassed himself heavily by the cost of sending his eldest son to the university. Joe's changes of purpose—for he had in succession abandoned law for medicine, medicine for theology, and theology for civil engineering, and, finally,

gave them all up—had so outraged his father that he declared he would not continue any allowance to him beyond the present year; to which Joe replied by the same post, sending back the twenty pounds enclosed him, and saying: "The only amendment I would make to your motion is—as to the date—let it begin from to-day. I suppose I shall have to swim without corks some time, I may as well try now as later on."

The first experience of his "swimming without corks" was to lie in bed two days and smoke; the next was to rise at daybreak and set out on a long walk into the country, from which he returned late at night, wearied and exhausted, having eaten but once during the day.

Kearney, dressed for an evening-party, resplendent with jewellery, essenced and curled, was about to issue forth when Atlee, dusty, and way-worn, entered and threw himself into a chair.

"What lark have you been on, master Joe?" he said. "I have not seen you for three days, if not four!"

"No; I've begun to train," said he, gravely. "I want to see how long a fellow could hold on to life on three pipes of Cavendish per diem. I take it that the absorbents won't be more cruel than a man's creditors, and will not issue a distraint where there are no assets, so that probably by the time I shall have brought myself down to, let us say, seven stone weight, I shall have reached the goal."

This speech he delivered slowly and calmly, as though enunciating a very grave proposition.

"What new nonsense is this? don't you think health worth something?"

"Next to life, unquestionably; but one condition of health is to be alive, and I don't see how to manage that. Look here, Dick, I have just had a quarrel with my father; he is an excellent man and an impressive preacher, but he fails in the imaginative qualities. Nature has been a niggard to him in inventiveness. He is the minister of a little parish called Aghadoe, in the North, where they give him two hundred and ten pounds per annum. They are eight in family, and he actually doesn't see his way to allow me one hundred and fifty out of it. That's the way they neglect arithmetic in our modern schools!"

"Has he reduced your allowance?"

"He has done more, he has extinguished it."

"Have you provoked him to this?"

"I have provoked him to it."

"But is it not possible to accommodate matters? it should not be very difficult, surely, to show him that once you are launched in life——"

"And when will that be, Dick?" broke in the other. "I have been on the stocks these four years, and that launching process you talk of looks just as remote as ever. No, no; let us be fair; he has all the right on his side; all the wrong is on mine. Indeed, so far as conscience goes, I have always felt it so, but one's conscience, like one's boots, gets so pliant from wear, that it ceases to give pain. Still, on my honour, I never

hip-hurraed to a toast, that I did not feel, there goes broken boots to one of the boys, or, worse again, the cost of a cotton dress for one of the sisters. Whenever I took a sherry-cobbler I thought of suicide after it. Self-indulgence and self-reproach got linked in my nature so inseparably, it was hopeless to summon one without the other, till at last I grew to believe it was very heroic in me to deny myself nothing, seeing how sorry I should be for it afterwards. But come, old fellow, don't lose your evening; we'll have time enough to talk over these things—where are you going?"

"To the Claney's."

"To be sure; what a fellow I am to forget it was Letty's birthday, and I was to have brought her a bouquet! Dick, be a good fellow and tell her some lie or other, that I was sick in bed, or away to see an aunt or a grandmother, and that I had a splendid bouquet for her, but wouldn't let it reach her through other hands than my own, but to-morrow—to-morrow she shall have it."

"You know well enough you don't mean anything of the sort."

"On my honour, I'll keep my promise. I've an old silver watch yonder, I think it knows the way to the pawn-office by itself. There, now be off, for if I begin to think of all the fun you're going to, I shall just dress and join you."

"No, I'd not do that," said Dick, gravely, "nor shall I stay long myself. Don't go to bed, Joe, till I come back. Good-by."

"Say all good and sweet things to Letty for me. Tell her——" Kearney did not wait for his message, but hurried down the steps and drove off.

Joe sat down at the fire, filled his pipe, looked steadily at it, and then laid it on the mantelpiece. "No, no, Master Joe. You must be thrifty now. You have smoked twice since—I can afford to say—since dinner-time, for you haven't dined." It is strange, that now the sense of hunger has passed off, what a sense of excitement I feel. Two hours back I could have been a cannibal. I believe I could have eaten the vice-provost—though I should have liked him strongly devilled—and now I feel stimulated. Hence it is, perhaps, that so little wine is enough to affect the heads of starving people—almost maddening them. Perhaps Dick suspected something of this, for he did not care that I should go along with him. Who knows but he may have thought the sight of a supper might have overcome me. If he knew but all. I'm much more disposed to make love to Letty Claney than to go in for galantine and champagne. By the way, I wonder if the physiologists are aware of that? It is, perhaps, what constitutes the ethereal condition of love. I'll write an essay on that, or, better still, I'll write a review of an imaginary French essay. Frenchmen are permitted to say so much more than we are, and I'll be rebukeful on the score of his excesses. The bitter way in which a Frenchman always visits his various incapacities—whether it be to know something, or to do something, or to be something—on the species he belongs to; the way in which he suggests that had he been consulted on the matter, humanity had been a

much more perfect organization, and able to sustain a great deal more of wickedness without disturbance, is great fun. I'll certainly invent a Frenchman and make him an author, and then demolish him. What if I make him die of hunger, having tasted nothing for eight days but the proof-sheets of his great work—the work I am then reviewing. For four days,—but stay;—if I starve him to death, I cannot tear his work to pieces. No; he shall be alive, living in splendour and honour, a frequenter of the Tuileries, a favoured guest at Compiègne."

Without perceiving it, he had now taken his pipe, lighted it, and was smoking away. "By the way, how those same Imperialists have played the game!—the two or three middle-aged men that Kinglake says, 'Put their heads together to plan for a livelihood,' I wish they had taken me into the partnership. It's the sort of thing I'd have liked well; ay, and I could have done it too! I wonder," said he, aloud,—“I wonder if I were an emperor should I marry Letty Clancy? I suspect not. Letty would have been flippant as an empress, and her cousins would have made atrocious Princes of the Imperial Family, though, for the matter of that—— Halloo! Here have I been smoking without knowing it! Can any one tell us whether the sins we do inadvertently count as sins, or do we square them off by our inadvertent good actions? I trust I shall not be called on to catalogue mine. There, my courage is out!” As he said this he emptied the ashes of his pipe, and gazed sorrowfully at the empty bowl.

"Now if I were the son of some good house, with a high-sounding name, and well-to-do relations, I'd soon bring them to terms if they dared to cast me off. I'd turn milk or muffin man, and serve the street they lived in. I'd sweep the crossing in front of their windows, or I'd commit a small theft, and call on my high connections for a character,—but being who and what I am, I might do any or all of these, and shock nobody.

"Now to take stock of my effects. Let me see what my assets will bring when reduced to cash, for this time it shall be a sale." And he turned to a table where paper and pens were lying, and proceeded to write. "Personal, sworn under, let us say, ten thousand pounds. Literature first. To divers worn copies of *Virgil*, *Tacitus*, *Juvenal*, and *Ovid*, *Cæsar's Commentaries*, and *Catullus*; to ditto of *Homer*, *Lucian*, *Aristophanes*, *Balzac*, *Anacreon*, *Bacon's Essays*, and *Moore's Melodies*; to *Dwight's Theology*—uncut copy, *Heine's Poems*—very much thumbed, *Saint Simon*—very ragged, two volumes of *Les Causes Célèbres*, *Tone's Memoirs*, and *Beranger's Songs*; to *Cuvier's Comparative Anatomy*, *Shroeder on Shakspeare*, *Newman's Apology*, *Archbold's Criminal Law*, and *Songs of the Nation*; to *Colenso*, *East's Cases for the Crown*, *Carte's Ormonde*, and *Pickwick*. But why go on? Let us call it the small but well-selected library of a distressed gentleman, whose cultivated mind is reflected in the marginal notes with which these volumes abound. Will any gentleman say, '10*l.* for the lot?' Why the very criticisms are worth—I mean to a man of literary tastes—five times the amount. No offer at 10*l.*? Who is that says 'five'? I trust my

ears have deceived me. You repeat the insulting proposal? Well, sir, on your own head be it! Mr. Atlee's library—or the Atlee collection is better—was yesterday disposed of to a well-known collector of rare books, and, if we are rightly informed, for a mere fraction of its value. Never mind, sir, I bear you no ill-will! I was irritable, and to show you my honest animus in the matter, I beg to present you, in addition with this, a handsomely-bound and gilt copy of a sermon by the Reverend Isaac Atlee, on the opening of the new meeting-house in Coleraine—a discourse that cost my father some sleepless nights, though I have heard the effect on the congregation was dissimilar.

"The pictures are few. Cardinal Cullen, I believe, is Kearney's; at all events he is the worse for being made a target for pistol-firing, and the archiepiscopal nose has been sorely damaged. Two views of Killarney in the weather of the period—that means July—and raining in torrents, and consequently the scene, for aught discoverable, might be the Gaboon, Portrait of Joe Atlee, ætatis four years, with a villanous squint and something that looks like a plug in the left jaw. A sky terrier, painted, it is supposed by himself; not to recite unframed prints of various celebrities of the ballet, in accustomed attitudes, with the Reverend Paul Bloxham blessing some children—though from the gesture and the expression of the juveniles it might seem cuffing them—on the inauguration of the Sunday school at Kilmurry Macmacmahon.

"Lot three, interesting to anatomical lecturers and others, especially those engaged in palæontology. The articulated skeleton of an Irish giant, representing a man who must have stood in his no-stockings eight feet four inches. This, I may add, will be warranted as authentic, in so far that I made him myself out of at least eighteen or twenty big specimens, with a few slight 'divergencies' I may call them, such as putting in eight more dorsal vertebræ than the regulation, and that the right femur is two inches longer than the left. The inferior maxillary too was stolen from a 'Pithæus Satyrus,' in the Cork museum, by an old friend, since transported for Fenianism. These blemishes apart, he is an admirable giant, and fully as ornamental and useful as the species generally.

"As to my wardrobe, it is less costly than curious. An alpaca paletot of a neutral tint, which I have much affected of late, having indisposed me to other wear. For dinner and evening duty I usually wear Kearney's, though too tight across the chest, and short in the sleeves. These, with a silver watch which no pawnbroker—and I have tried eight—will ever advance more on than seven-and-six. I once got the figure up to nine shillings by supplementing an umbrella which was Dick's, and which still remains, 'unclaimed and unredeemed.'

"Two o'clock by all that is supperless! evidently Kearney is enjoying himself. Ah youth, youth! I wish I could remember some of the spiteful things that are said of you—not but on the whole, I take it, you have the right end of the stick. Is it possible there is nothing to eat in this inhospitable mansion?" He arose and opened a sort of cupboard in the

wall, scrutinizing it closely with the candle. "Give me but the superfluities of life," says Gavarni, "and I'll not trouble you for its necessities. What would he say, however, to a fellow famishing with hunger in presence of nothing but pickled mushrooms and Worcester sauce! Oh, here is a crust! 'Bread is the staff of life.' On my oath I believe so; for this eats devilish like a walking-stick."

"Hulloa! back already?" cried he, as Kearney flung wide the door and entered. "I suppose you hurried away back to join me at supper."

"Thanks; but I have supped already, and at a more tempting banquet than this I see before you."

"Was it pleasant? was it jolly? Were the girls looking lovely? Was the champagne-cup well iced? Was everybody charming? Tell me all about it. Let me have second-hand pleasure, since I can't afford the new article."

"It was pretty much like every other small ball here, where the garri-son get all the prettiest girls for partners, and take the mammas down to supper after."

"Cunning dogs, who secure flirtation above stairs and food below! And what is stirring in the world? What are the gaieties in prospect? Are any of my old flames about to get married?"

"I didn't know you had any."

"Have I not! I believe half the parish of St. Peter's might proceed against me for breach of promise; and if the law allowed me as many wives as Brigham Young, I'd be still disappointing a large and interesting section of society in the suburbs."

"They have made a seizure on the office of the *Pike*, carried off the press and the whole issue, and are in eager pursuit after Madden, the editor."

"What for? What is it all about?"

"A new ballad he has published; but which, for the matter of that, they were singing at every corner as I came along."

"Was it good? Did you buy a copy?"

"Buy a copy? I should think not."

"Couldn't your patriotism stand the test of a penny?"

"It might if I wanted the production, which I certainly did not; besides, there's a run upon this, and they were selling it at sixpence."

"Hurrah! There's hope for Ireland after all! Shall I sing it for you, old fellow? Not that you deserve it. English corruption has damped the little Irish ardour that old rebellion once kindled in your heart; and if you could get rid of your brogue, you're ready to be loyal. You shall hear it, however, all the same." And taking up a very damaged-looking guitar, he struck a few bold chords, and begun:—

Is there anything more we can fight or can hate for?

The "drop" and the famine have made our ranks thin.

In the name of endurance, then, what do we wait for?

Will nobody give us the word to begin?

Some brothers have left us in sadness and sorrow,
 In despair of the cause they had sworn to win ;
 They owned they were sick of that cry of "to-morrow ;"
 Not a man would believe that we meant to begin.

We've been ready for months—is there one can deny it ?
 Is there any one here thinks rebellion a sin ?
 We counted the cost—and we did not decry it,
 And we asked for no more than the word to begin.

At Vinegar Hill, when our fathers were fighters,
 With numbers against them, they cared not a pin,
 They needed no orders from newspaper writers,
 To tell them the day it was time to begin.

To sit down here in sadness and silence to bear it,
 Is harder to face than the battle's loud din,
 'Tis the shame that will kill me—I vow it, I swear it !
 Now or never 's the time, if we mean to begin.

There was a wild rapture in the way he struck the last chords, that, if it did not evince ecstasy, seemed to counterfeit enthusiasm.

"Very poor doggerel, with all your bravura," said Kearney, sneeringly.

"What would you have ? I only got three-and-six for it."

"You ! Is that thing yours ?"

"Yes, sir ; that thing is mine. And the Castle people think somewhat more gravely about it than you do."

"At which you are pleased, doubtless ?"

"Not pleased, but proud, Master Dick, let me tell you. It's a very stimulating reflection to the man who dines on an onion, that he can spoil the digestion of another fellow who has been eating turtle."

"But you may have to go to prison for this."

"Not if you don't peach on me, for you are the only one knows the authorship. You see, Dick, these things are done cautiously. They are dropped into a letter-box with an initial letter, and a clerk hands the payment to some of those itinerant hags that sings the melody, and who can be trusted with the secret as implicitly as the briber at a borough election."

"I wish you had a better livelihood, Joe."

"So do I, or that my present one paid better. The fact is, Dick, patriotism never was worth much as a career till one got to the top of the profession. But if you mean to sleep at all, old fellow, 'it's time to begin,' " and he chaunted out the last words in a clear and ringing tone, as he banged the door behind him.

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